USEFUL HINTS

TO THOSE WHO MAKE

THE TOUR OF FRANCE.

BRITISH MUSEUM

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THE TOUR OF FRANCE,

IN A

SERIES OF LETTERS,

WRITTEN FROM THAT KINGDOM

BY

PHILIP THICKNESSE, Esq.

Theſe Letters contain ſome Account of the interior *Police* of that Kingdom in general, and of Paris in particular.

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LETTER I.

St. Germain's en Laye, Jan. 12, 1767.

DEAR SIR,

SINCE the publication of the Critical Review of December laſt, I have *accompanied* Mr. Smollet a ſecond time, through his *travels* into France and Italy, and I dare ſay you will now think me juſtly intitled to *review* his travels, or rather his *tales*, without laying any other reſtraint upon my pen, than what *prudence, and attention to myſelf* dictates. In that illiberal abuſe on the public, as well as on me, they are pleaſed to inform us in a note, that Dr. Smollet has *nothing to do*, nor has for many years, with the Critical Review; but nevertheleſs it is not impoſſible, but

 they

they might accept of a ready cut and dried Review from an *old* friend; *old habits are not eaſily forſaken.* The chieftain of the Reviewers, perceiving that I was indifferent as to an attack made upon what I am ſenſible I do not poſſeſs, (any abilities as an author) laid aſide *reviewing* the WRITINGS, to abuſe and vilify the WRITER: men, however, who are *to be had*, like common proſtitutes, for hire, are ſuch whoſe commendation alone becomes infamous; their abuſe is flattery; their applauſe is detraction. When ſailors or ſoldiers, men bred to arms and not to letters, publiſh their travels or remarks upon other nations, the readers may find entertainment, by laughing at their folly; but from a writer *by trade*, or from thoſe who live by *correcting*, or *criticiſing* the writings of *other men*, ſomething better is expected. When the *arch critic* himſelf puts forth any thing; when *Toby*, *the martinet in literature*, honours the world with an account of *his travels*, the public are gulled and impoſed upon, if they do not meet with TRUTH; purity of ſtyle, delicacy of ſentiment, and ſterling judgment throughout the whole performance; from a writer by profeſſion every propriety is expected, every abſurdity is glaring.

Toby,

Toby, however, has convinced us of a truth I have often heard aſſerted, but which few men are capable of diſtinguiſhing; namely,—that there is as much difference between good parts and good ſenſe, as between a rotten apple and a ſound one. A man may be able to write plauſibly, or ſpeak captivatingly; he may delude you with the flower of language, and yet, after all, be at bottom a fooliſh, contemptible, dogmatical coxcomb. I have heard a man ſpeak like an angel at the Robin Hood in the Butcher-Row! but I have heard more good ſenſe, delivered in a plain ſimple manner, from the mouth of Sir John Barnard, than ever came from that of our modern *Demoſthenes*. Inſtead of a few farther obſervations on the cuſtoms and manners of this nation, which I intended to ſend you, accept, at this time, a few remarks upon Mr. Smollet's *manners* in travelling through France and Italy for the cure of a *pulmonic diſorder* he *laboured* under, juſt as they occur to my memory, not out of reſentment ſo much, as to ſhew how difficult a taſk it is, even for a *great man*, to *talk* of himſelf, and what he has ſeen, without ſpeaking like a fool, or writing like a coxcomb; it is the beſt excuſe I can offer in behalf of my own crude obſervations.

Mr. Smollet, I beg pardon! Doctor Smollet, at his firſt ſetting out, informs us, that he is as ſuſceptible of catching cold "*as a delicate woman newly delivered!*" and preſently afterwards we are told, that Mrs. Smollet is alſo a very delicate creature, who had never walked a mile in her life!

That the Doctor is a delicate creature I make no doubt; but that he ſhould have conceived ſuch a diſlike to the *petits maitres* of this kingdom, ſurpriſes me not a little! as his delicacy muſt appertain to his *manners*, his perſon, or his dreſs. He certainly does not mean delicacy in writing, nor delicacy in the choice of his *company*: It can be no entertainment to the public to be minutely informed how *matters paſſed, upwards* or *downwards*, when our traveller was ſick; yet a third part of Mr. Smollet's travels are a detail of what paſſed between him, his cloſeſtool, and his phyſician, matters which ought to have been confined to a bedchamber, not expoſed at a bookſeller's ſhop. For the misfortune is, that though the Doctor was, I believe, very ſick, I do not find that his readers were very ſorry. However, notwithſtanding the decline of his health, his heart was as ſound as ever, nor did his ſpirits fail him; for in one and the

the ſame day we find him quarrelling outrageouſly with his *landlady* at *Brignolles*,—in a warm *diſpute* with his landlord at *Muy!*—preſently afterwards he is threatening ſome fellows upon the road with *manual* exerciſe, and the day is finiſhed by a vehement diſpute with the principal magiſtrate of a town!!! At another time the *hero* is armed with his ſword in one hand, and his ſtick in the other! and he had actually (he ſays) proceeded to *manual exerciſe*, had it not been for fear of *frightening the ladies!* Poor ladies!—After all, had not our traveller been a Doctor *his own ſelf*, and aſſured us, *over* and *over again*, that his caſe was *pulmonic*, one would have been apt to have ſuſpected it a *little tinctured* with an overflowing, or obſtruction in the gall-bladder; for whoever reads the ſquabbles, quarrels, diſputes, *&c. &c.* of Dr. Smollet and his family from Dover to Rome, and from Rome to Dover, will be apt to think with me, that ſome alteration ſhould be made to the title-page of his book, and that more properly it ſhould be intitled, "QUARRELS through France and Italy for "the cure of a pulmonic diſorder, by "T. S. M. D." At Sens, in Champaigne, even a moſt remarkable *quiet pacific nobleman* of *Auxerre*, could not eſcape the re-

peated and unprovoked inſults of this *valetudinarian hero*. A little man, "with "a thin, *meagre*, diſcontented face, and a "very ſingular dreſs," it ſeems bullied and abuſed the whole kingdom of France and ſtates of Italy to their faces, and has laid it on outrageouſly behind their backs, and yet, thanks to that Providence who preſerves the lives of great men,

DR. SMOLLET IS STILL LIVING!

I have often joined in wonder with many others at one eſcape, among the many imminent dangers the Doctor had, which is, that he ſhould inſult a French gentleman of faſhion, "who travelled in his own chaiſe, "accompanied by a ſervant in a rich li-"very," and treat him not only with the loweſt language, but even make him aſſiſt in fixing his baggage more ſecurely behind the Doctor's coach, without getting his bones broke! for I will venture to affirm, and every gentleman in this kingdom agrees with me, that the Auxerre French nobleman, whom he treated ſo ſcurvily, is the *only* French gentleman in the whole kingdom who would have ſubmitted to it as he did: and I will appeal to the Doctor's own account how raſhly he acted, and how fortunately he eſcaped what he merited.

I be-

I believe there are many ſuch eſquires, nay, even I could *name you* A COLONEL, in England, that might be alarmed, and even terrified, at ſuch a piece of *Breteſh* effrontery; but in France, I do inſiſt upon it, there is no other than *that ſame individual Auxerre gentleman*, who would have given civil language, and lent a *helping hand*, in return to ſuch arrogance, or *fauſſe raillerie*; nor could Dr. Smollet have journied the length of Auxerre with his eyes open, and not have known, that the white laced beaver cap is what every gentleman in France wears when he travels. So that neither his laced cap, nor his cambrick handkerchief, were at all characteriſtic of his being a poſt-maſter, or a *lâche*; nor indeed do any ſuch perſons as what WE underſtand by poſt-maſter, appear at the poſt-houſes in France: but the Doctor was pleaſed to be in the humour *pour faire le brave*, and did it *dans une bonne heure*.

Returning from Rome, he meets upon the road his old friend, fellow-traveller, and *boaurreau*, *Joſeph!* — Joſeph is overjoyed!!—He ſeizes his maſter's hand with rapture!! and even ſhed tears of joy!! and Mr. Smollet himſelf, *for once*, confeſſes he was pleaſed to ſee ſuch marks of gratitude!! Here it ought, in juſtice to

the Doctor, to be obſerved, that he was not only *pleaſed*, but *modeſt*: for he does not inform us from what acts of *his generoſity* Joſeph's tears of gratitude were called forth.

WHAT A STRANGE COMPOUND IS MAN!

" Joſeph formerly (and in his youth too) was a robber in the *banditti*, under the famous Manderene!! Joſeph purchaſed his own life, by becoming the executioner of his BRAVE and VALIANT CAPTAIN!! Joſeph degenerates into a little dirty knave, and driver of a road carriage!! Joſeph bears all the outward marks of an aſſaſſin! Joſeph was detected by the Doctor in committing ſome petty frauds upon the road! yet this ſame Joſeph burſt into tears of joy, and ſeized the Doctor's hand with rapture, and for no other reaſon that we are informed of, but becauſe he had accidentally drove, and wilfully defrauded him: ſo Joſeph too proved as ſuſceptible of the tender paſſions *as a delicate woman is of catching cold, who has been newly delivered.*

The Doctor is very particular in relating what he ſaw at Rome; but quite ſilent about *who* he ſaw there! except the *raw boys* whom Britain hath *poured forth* to her diſhonour, without mentioning one word of the

the *old boys*, whom, thank God, Scotland *poured forth*; and yet, if my information be true, he drew more than one cork with a *Breteſh* gentleman, who was *under butler* to a very *gued femely*, *wha then leved en Etaly*. But it is a hard matter to pleaſe *all ſides*, and leaſt ſaid is ſooneſt amended. Beſides, every body expected from Dr. Smollet, the author of *a* Hiſtory of England, to be indulged with a *full* and *particular account* of the Pretender. I beg pardon; I mean the *K*—, the *P*—, and *aue* the *R*— *femely*. What! go to Rome, and not ſee the pope, the cardinal, and the *old gentleman!!!* But, perhaps, after all, theſe particulars are kept back *for* "*want of*" *leiſure*, or to embelliſh a ſecond edition of *a* Hiſtory of England. It would be a very pretty *improvement* to it to ſee the heads of the *exeled femely* cheek by jole with general O——e and the earl of B—, like WILL. and MARY on the coin.—What a pity it is the Doctor had not *leiſure* to tell us *what* thoſe remarks are, which he *can* communicate, in caſe of a freſh rupture with this kingdom; without doubt it is ſome ſcheme of *catching* the Pretender, the *P*— I mean; ſurely lord C— will call him before the P— C— for *public* examination! I lament much that the Doctor did not omit the ſe-

venteen pages of French and *Leten*, relative to what paſſed between him and his Montpellier phyſician:- this would have given him *leiſure* to have informed his *brother Britons* how to cruſh this *naſty*, *little*, *dirty*, *petulant kingdom* of *France*, and would have proved much *prettier reading* than contraſting his own *puerè Leten* with D. F's pretended vulgar French *.

Before the Doctor leaves Rome, he furniſhes us with a few remarks, which are really *new*, *ſingular*, aud *curious*. He obſerves, for inſtance, that the tubes of the Italian fountains are no bigger than *glyſter-pipes!*—This is one advantage we reap by reading the *travels of a Doctor*. Now a man in *good health*, and unacquainted with *lavemens*, would have overlooked this *curious* and ſingular ſimile. The fountains at *Marli* beat thoſe at Rome quite *hollow*; for there the apperture would ſwallow a *two and forty pounder!* The *Pantheon*, which has been hitherto admired (excluſive of the modern portico) as a maſterpiece of architecture, is compared by this *deſcriptive writer*, like unto *a huge cockpit*,

* It is more than probable, our traveller's *valet* pocketed the *letter*, and wrote the vulgar anſwer which the Doctor recites; for it is impoſſible to conceive it to have been fabricated by Dr. F. himſelf.

with

with a hole at the top. Why not like unto an inverted porridge-pot, with a hole in the bottom?

At Paris our traveller walked the ſtreets (in ſpite of his *pulmonic* complaint) *chapeau ſous le bras*, in wet cold weather! and in the ſame coxcomical manner, after dark, in the gardens of Verſailles *walked he!*— At *Marli* he ſauntered, in this *naked-headed condition*, above a mile, through damp alleys!! Very good: it is the faſhion of the country ſo to do; but who would have ſuſpected this *Breteſh* beau to have been a valetudinarian or an hiſtorian, who at that very time was *ridiculing the cuſtoms* and *manners* of a nation, whom he was actually aping in a ſuperlative degree! Nor could his diſorder, of which he deſpaired a perfect recovery, induce him to abandon the *prevalency of cuſtom*, or the *privilege* of walking like a fool, and looking like a coxcomb.—*A robbery* having been committed, he orders his *petit canon* to be loaded with *eight balls!* and at *Nuys* in Burgundy it was fired in the air, and greatly terrified all the *petit monde! Theſe* and the *like* are to be ſure *curious* and *entertaining* anecdotes. We are always pleaſed to know any the moſt trifling actions of *great men.* Upon this road it was (never forget it, ye

travelling Britons) that DOCTOR SMOLLET was much entertained with the converſation of his *friend* Joſeph! — Montpellier would have proved agreeable, had it not been for the *crowd of company* who were *continually* and *unexpectedly pouring in!* compoſed, I conclude, of the *raw boys* of England, and the *white boys* of Ireland, without any allay of the *braw lods* from Scotland! Though, to be ſure, it muſt have been a mortifying circumſtance to be thus interrupted, while he was *correcting the errors* of *one* Pliny, an *ignorant pagan*, who actually ſays there *was* an inſcription in a certain place, where our modern traveller ſees there *is* none!!

At Nice, the inhabitants are, with reſpect to decency, compared to Swift's *Yahoos!* It certainly is a very HOT climate; nevertheleſs the Doctor burnt, in the ſpace of *four weeks*, FIFTEEN THOUSAND weight of wood!!! excluſive of pine-tops to light this bonfire!—The poor cook! I wonder! is HE alive!!

I forbear mentioning particulars relative to the old woman's ghoſt, or the terrible *wild beaſt*, not the wild beaſt of Geauvadan, but a *ferocious* animal called a *mule*: nor will I look into the *private temples of eaſe* in France, or the public ones at *Nice*; but con-

conclude in agreeing with the Doctor, that " it is not *clear to him*, that a people is the " more brave, the more they are accuſtom- " ed to bloodſhed. Some of this *ſanguinary* " *ſpirit* (ſays he) is inherited by the inhabi- " tants of a *certain iſland that ſhall be name-* " *leſs*; *but mum for that*."—And preſently afterwards he tells us, " that the old Ro- " mans delighted to ſee the heads and " dead bodies of the executed criminals " *ſtuck up* like thoſe at *Temple-bar*."—What a leap backwards!! from the *old Romans* to the *young Highlanders*, who made ſo *noble a ſtand* againſt H. R. H. the duke of *Cumberland*. Indeed, ſince it is become *the faſhion* to ſee heads paſs *under* Temple-bar, which ought to have been *over it*, I think it is high time theſe *ſpectacles* ſhould be taken down; and to perpetuate the memory of *their ſufferings*, a few *whigs* put in their place.

Italy, ſays the Doctor, abounds with *raw Engliſhmen* (not Britons) whom Britain hath *poured forth*. At Rome he met with a number of *raw Engliſhmen* (not Britons) " ignorant, petulant, raſh, and profligate, " without any knowledge of *their own*, or " any body to ſuperintend their conduct." What a pity! while ſo many *braw lods*, whom Scotland hath *poured forth*, *prudent*, *learned*,

learned, and neceſſitous, want gude pupils; lods who underſtaund the *Leten, and who awe ken wha es the ferſt mon en Eteley.*

Mr. Sharp gives an account of the Engliſh travellers in Italy diametrically oppoſite to Dr. Smollet's, and particularly at Rome; but then we have *only* Mr. Sharp's WORD for what he advances; the Doctor gives his *word* and *honour* too: ſo that we are ſtruck *dumb*, and bound to believe him, as we do a ſhopkeeper, when he gives his *word* and *honour* you have the *goods* under *prime coſt*. To conclude, in the 41ſt and and laſt letter, we find Dr. Smollet, his lady, and Miſs C—— *ſafely* and happily arrived at their old lodgings in *Boulogne*, after a journey of about two years by land and ſea, and after having eſcaped an infinite number of the moſt imminent dangers! from which place he indulges his eager eyes with a view of the white cliffs at Dover, and feels impatient " to tempt the " invidious ſtreight *once more*;" to get where?—why to that country which he had fled from but two years before with *eagerneſs*, " as a ſcene of illiberal diſpute, in- " credible infatuation; where he had been " traduced by malice, abandoned by falſe " patrons, and overwhelmed with calami- " ties; where a few *worthleſs incendiaries*

" had

" had, by dint of perfidious calumnies, " and *atrocious* abuſe, kindled up a flame, " which threatened all the horrors of *civil* " diſſention;" and he might have added, where he had been three months impriſoned, in a common gaol, for his own perfidious calumnies, and *atrocious* abuſe (in the *Critical Review*) of a gentleman of rank, to whoſe perſon and character he was an utter ſtranger. I will not tell you what the *Journal Encyclopedique*, publiſhed at Paris, ſays of thoſe letters which you have printed of mine, nor trouble you with their remarks upon Dr. Smollet's; but if the ſalubrious air of Nice ſhould ever become again neceſſary for the re-eſtabliſhment of his health, I would adviſe him to go there in the *ſame kind of vehicle* he firſt came to London in *from the north*, and when he gets there, to change his name, or mend his manners.

A Scotch gentleman in this town, who lived many years at Rome, ſays, he does not believe Smollet ever was there, and gives many reaſons whereon he founds his opinion. One is, becauſe he ſays the " piazza *D'Eſpagna* is open, airy, and " pleaſantly ſituated in a HIGH PART of the " city." His countryman inſiſts upon it, that it is in the loweſt part of all Rome, and

and that he quitted his lodgings there for that ſingle reaſon! Nor is he leſs ſurpriſed that he ſhould ſpeak of the *Pantheon* in the ſtyle of a bruiſer, as it is ever beheld and entered by men of TRUE TASTE and judgment, with a reverential awe to its ſuperlative beauty, and great antiquity. As I never was at Rome, I muſt leave you to think of this matter as you pleaſe; but always think of me as

Your affectionate humble ſervant.

P. S. I forgot to tell you, that as I paſſed through Boulogne, I ſaw the young gentleman who ſo kindly received, and hoſpitably entertained, Mr. S—— and his family. This young man, whoſe youth and good offices ought to have ſaved him from the Doctor's ridicule, is now pointed out to every Engliſh and *Breteſh* traveller, as an object of contempt, becauſe he was picked out as a ſubject of ſatire, for rendering every civility that lay in his power to the Doctor in the beſt manner he was able.—What an impoſition it is upon the public, for a man to vend eighty pages, to give an account of a contemptible ſea-port, inhabited by Scotch renegado ſmugglers, and and a few private French families, which

are

are called the *nobleſſe of Boulogne!* Would not any man laugh to ſee an account of the *nobleſſe* of Dover, Deal, or Harwich?

LETTER II.

St. Germain's, Jan. 15, 1767.

DEAR SIR,

I Am to acknowledge the favour of your letter, with the ſheets of the Reviews and Magazines incloſed, relative to the publication of my letters. What the Monthly Review and Magazines ſay might induce me to continue ſending you ſuch further obſervations on the manners and cuſtoms of this nation, which my ſituation here enables me to remark; though, to ſay the truth, having furniſhed you with a few general hints how to paſs the roads, and how to ſhun the inconveniences that more particularly attend the *Engliſh traveller*, I believe I ſhould have *haude* my *haunde*, had not the reviewing *Tweedites* thrown ſo much filth *at me*, inſtead of *at my letters*. By this, however, they have convinced the public how very unworthy they are of their encouragement; and me, that if my ob-

obſervations

ſervations do not entertain my friends, ſome of my remarks mortify my enemies.

As to the libellous part of their conduct, I ſhall ſay little about it; and only obſerve to you, that the author of it has, by an over-attempt to conceal (a conſtant error of weak men) pointed himſelf out very clearly; you cannot ſuppoſe I ſquint towards the Doctor, becauſe *he, we are informed by a note, has now, nothing to do with the Critical Review*; and it cannot be ſuppoſed Mr. Hamilton's *ſociety of gentlemen* would tell a *fibb*. Their notorious partiality is, however, got to ſuch a height, that it behoves every man of letters, or an encourager of literature, to put a ſtop to the manner in which theſe abuſers of the works of even real merit, impoſe upon the public. Had a Scotch man-midwife, or an Aberdeen phyſician, tranſlated *Tyſott's Advice to the People* in the ſame clear and intelligible manner in which that admirable and uſeful treatiſe has been rendered into Engliſh by Dr. *Kirkpatrick*, what encomiums would they not have laviſhed upon the Doctor's head, and even upon his heart? But tho' much is due to both, for this valuable tranſlation, Dr. Kirkpatrick has been reviewed by thoſe *Tweedites* in the moſt invidious and illiberal manner, againſt whom he

he has defended himſelf like a ſcholar and a gentleman, in the appendix to his ſecond edition. If you aſk why Dr. Kirkpatrick was thus treated? I anſwer, becauſe he is, I conjecture by his name, an Iriſhman! or rather, becauſe he is not a Scotchman. Sure I am, had he been a North Briton, no ſuch abuſe, or falſe criticiſm had befallen him in the Critical Review. I could recite an hundred inſtances, of the ſcandalous manner in which thoſe Reviewers, endeavour to ſport away the character and reputation of learned and ingenious men, whoſe want of *merit* alone lies in their being born in that *unlucky part, at preſent*, of Great Britain called England. But I will reſt it here, and ſubmit it to the judgment of every honeſt and candid man living, whether inſtead of the forced and wretched criticiſms they have made on Dr. Kirkpatrick's tranſlation, he does not merit in an high degree, the eſteem and the thanks of the public. I the more particularly have pitched upon this book, as it is the BOOK ALONE, which gives me any knowledge of the ingenious tranſlator.

Men who poſſeſs even an idea of common honeſty, would be particularly cautious what they ſay relative to the writings of an individual now living, and particularly of a pro-

a profeſſor of phyſic, ſurgery, or any art or ſcience, whereon a man's character not only depends, but perhaps the ſupport of his family. What is ſaid of me, in a Review, as a writer, can no ways injure me: what they have ſaid of me as a man, thoſe to whom I am known, are I hope, better able to judge, than they who know me not; but an able phyſician, a ſkilful ſurgeon, or an ingenious artiſt, may ſuffer grievouſly by the abuſe even of ignorant blockheads. The moſt effectual means therefore to compel theſe proſtituted pens to ſhew the allegiance they owe to the public, and to do juſtice to merit, is ſtarve them down to it. Is there not a Monthly Review, a Gentleman's Magazine, and other periodical accounts of books, publiſhed by men of character, and wrote by men who allow merit to writers of all nations in general, like citizens of the world; men who write with judgment, decency, truth and decorum? I ſhould be aſhamed to make any diſtinction about country, eſpecially two, which are by law, and ought by nature, to be united; but the flagrant examples of partiality ſet by our northern neighbours, even from the *higheſt* to the loweſt, calls aloud for every Engliſhman to avoid ſtrengthening a connection, which ſo ſenſibly

ſibly weakens himſelf. Miſtake me not, I am ſpeaking only with reſpect to thoſe with whom we trade, or lay out our money. There is ſcarce an inſtance of an Engliſh phyſician, ſurgeon, midwife, apothecary, wine-merchant, or, in ſhort, down to every kind of traffic, who is ever called upon, or dealt with, in the metropolis of London by a Scotch family, and they are very numerous; while the generous Engliſhman deals indiſcriminately with men of all nations, as they fall in his way. I am not condemning the Scotch for doing it; it may, perhaps, be laudable; it may be human nature ſo to do; but while they obſerve it, let us do ſo too.

Whoever will take the trouble to ſee how the Reviewers have treated Dr. Kirkpatrick, may find, by the ſame *impartial* critics, the manner in which they muſter their countrymen: a man who calls himſelf a phyſician and man-midwife, of Mariſhal college, Aberdeen; this *ingenious* man, deſcribing the *placenta*, ſays it is like an *oat-cake*, or *bannock!* and orders his female patient a bannock ſopped in ale, and ſome comfortable *ſippings*. All this may be *very like*, and very good, for aught I know; but had Dr. Kirkpatrick wrote ſuch ſtuff

as this bannock midwife's pocket companion is compoſed of, he would not have met with ſuch favour from the *pens of Falcon-court.* Indeed, I think the college of Aberdeen, very honeſtly, did themſelves and the Doctor juſtice in the public newspapers; but I aſk your pardon; what am I about? Inſtead of reviewing the manners and cuſtoms of this polite nation, I am got amongſt the *cadees* of Edinburgh. However, I muſt confeſs they are the ſcum and refuſe of that nation, not gentlemen; for between them and the vulgar, I hope, there is as much difference, as there is between the *petit monde* and the faſhionable part of this kingdom. Here follows a recent inſtance of the latter.

Not long ſince, a parcel of Britiſh *bucks* (I hope there is no harm in ſuppoſing they might be compoſed of the *three* nations) got very drunk together at a town in the South of France. The natural conſequences of a hot climate, youth, and liquor, led them into ſome very irregular exceſſes, to ſay no worſe: in ſhort, they did what would have been attended with very ſerious conſequences, had they been citizens inſtead of ſtrangers; but mark the forcible and elegant rebuke of the French commandant,

mandant, ſent them the next morning: "Monſieur —— preſents his compli-"ments to the Engliſh gentlemen, he de-"ſires they will not give themſelves the "trouble to *correct* any of the inhabitants "of this town who inſult, or in any man-"ner give them offence, as they may be "aſſured, that any perſon who treats them "with the leaſt diſreſpect, will be ſeverely "puniſhed."—What effect this temperate rebuke had, I cannot ſay; but I believe a good one: for I think none of the *Falcon-court* ſociety of gentlemen were then in the South of France.

As I told you, in a former letter, I deſpair of ever attaining the art of writing a *pretty letter*; yet, as I am ſenſible how much depends upon the manner in which (to ſpeak in the ſtyle of an auctioneer) a letter is *knocked off*, by a graceful and well-turned concluſion, I am determined, in ſpite of the ſin of plagiariſm, to conclude this, and my ſubſequent letters, above the reach of *Scotch criticiſm:* for who among them will dare to cenſure me, when I ſay, —"Theſe I own are frivolous incidents, "ſcarce worth committing to paper; but "they may ſerve to introduce obſervations "of more conſequence; and in the mean

"time

" time I know nothing will be indifferent
" to you that concerns

" Your humble ſervant."

There's for you!

A la Smolletta!

P. S. You will ſay, perhaps, that the French commandant's meſſage was nothing more than a piece of artful French politeſſe: I grant it: But is not ſuch politeſſe, and a good ſleep *at home*, after a drunken frolic, better than *feeing* a juſtice, or feeling the hard floor of a round-houſe?

P. S. the ſecond. A facetious friend of mine, who poſſeſs much wit and humour, told me, that he dining with a Scotch acquaintance, commended his port, and aſked of whom he bought it? And was anſwered, of *Wolly* Davidſon. At other times he admired his wig, his ſhoes, his ſtocking, and, in ſhort, every thing he wore, or uſed in his houſe, and taking down the names and reſidence of theſe ſuper-excellent tradeſmen, from time to time, he found every one to be a *gued cheeld*, and that moſt of them underſtood the *Leten*. Now, however trifling this may appear at firſt, it is a moſt material matter to every

Engliſh

Engliſh tradeſman. My ſhoe-maker, Hamilton, in Newport-ſtreet, for inſtance, has his common ſhare of buſineſs with his fellow-craft; but he has an advantage over every Engliſhman, by the preference and encouragement he is ſure to find from his countrymen. Nor is this all; for they are continually uſing the moſt artful addreſs to prevail upon their acquaintance to deal with their *ane* tradeſmen. How ſlily does Smollet hint to you, that no good wine is to be had at Boulogne, but ſuch as is bought of the *Britiſh Merchants* ſettled there. Now theſe ſame Britiſh merchants ſettled there, are *North Britons* *.

* Without the gift of *ſecond ſight* I perceive, by ſome letters I have received from England, that the day is not very remote, when you will find an ignorant Scotch Surgeon, by means of a f—— and an M. D. refuſe to hold a conſultation with any but thoſe of his own country.

LETTER III.

St. Germain's, Jan. 16, 1767.

DEAR SIR,

I Aſk your pardon for writing ſo angry a letter as my laſt of the 14th inſtant; for though I know you will excuſe me, yet I know that when a man writes out of temper, he writes out of tune alſo; ſo I will make the ſame apology I uſed formerly to make to my mother when I had committed a fault, "*Pray forgive me this time, and I* "*will never do ſo any more.*" Beſides, my dear Sir, I begin to be ſorry I ſaid even a wry word about Dr. S———; for I now diſcover a great ſimilarity between his fate and my own: for he was, as he ſays, "traduced by malice, perſecuted by fac- "tion, and abandoned by falſe patrons;" and ſo was I! "You know, ſays he, "with what eagerneſs I fled from my coun- "try," (I preſume he means Scotland;) and you know with what eagerneſs I fled from mine! *little England:* for with all its *imperfections*, I love it. He was over-whelmed

whelmed by the ſenſe of a domeſtic calamity, the loſs of a hopeful child; I alſo loſt a child or two. He was impriſoned three months in the King's-Bench gaol, for libelling a gentleman, whoſe *character and perſon* he was an *utter ſtranger* to; I was ſerved the ſame *ſauce*, for libelling a gentleman, whoſe perſon is known to every body. He packed up his family, accompanied by a faithful ſervant (a North Briton, I conjecture) into a hired coach and four, and ſet out for Dover; I ſtuffed mine into a *landau and one*, and ſet out for the ſame place. His *faithful* ſervant indeed beat mine *hollow*, for mine proved a rogue; but then he was a Frenchman, and conſequently a *petit maitre*. His books were ſeized by the officers of the cuſtoms; the ice in the *Seine* has laid an embargo on mine. He bathed voluntarily in the ſea, "and "caught a freſh cold in his head!" I tumbled into it by accident, without any bad conſequence, but wetting my jacket. The Doctor gives us the etymology of the little bird called a wheat-ear, and informs us *(by the bye)* that its real name is white-a—ſe, from the French name *cul blanc*, and I am inclined to believe this *ingenious* remark is a juſt one, becauſe thoſe birds are known by no other name throughout

the greateſt part of England*. This etymology, however, puts me in mind of another, which ſeems very applicable to the Doctor, as well as to myſelf, which is, that he and I are *ſauntering* fellows, a word I apprehend made on your ſide of the water, from two appertaining to this, i. e. *ſans-terre*, men *without land* or property, and therefore live upon other mens labours, like ſoldiers and the *Reviewers*, becauſe they have none of their own. In ſhort, he had the misfortune to publiſh a libel on Admiral Knowles; I upon FRANCIS BARON ORWELL, of the kingdom of Ireland, the preſent member of parliament for the borough of Ipſwich, and colonel of the eaſtern battalion of the Suffolk militia, a body of private men whom one cannot behold at their annual time of exerciſe, without lamenting that they *now* are, and have been for a long time, without a lieutenant colonel, without a major, without a captain, and with, or without, I cannot ſpeak with certainty, two or three ſubalterns, beſide Mr. Abraham Clark, the adjutant, formerly a

* When thoſe birds became a diſh at elegant tables, they of courſe *there* loſt the original name white-a-e.

captain in the army, and author of a

HOME THRUST AT DUELLING.

But to turn from this digreſſion. In point of expence I muſt own, the Doctor *outſhone me*; for it coſt me for a clean elegant veſſel intirely to myſelf, which conveyed my family, my chaiſe, and two lumbering horſes to Calais, three guineas, and no more; but the Doctor *ſays* he paid ſeven, nay eight, for a wretched dirty *equipage*, called a Folkſtone cutter. Ought he not rather to have called it a Folkſtone ſhaver? Indeed I muſt obſerve, that the Doctor, throughout his whole journey *outwards* and *inwards*, notwithſtanding his *ſharp look-out before*, was moſt egregiouſly extravagant, or outragiouſly impoſed upon; for, according to his own account, we cannot allow leſs than a brace of thouſands for his two years *trip* to Rome and back again; a circumſtance which, when *well conſidered*, muſt ſurprize every body! though not altogether how he contrived to ſpend it!!! for we are informed the Doctor has *now*

" *Nothing to do with the Critical Review.*"

Two thouſand pounds is a great ſum to pay for bad fare, ſad beds, ill treatment, and two years abſence from his own *dear* coun-

try; to learn what? why that the Pantheon at Rome is like a porridge-pot, the Italian fountains like glyſter-pipes; that French women are painted dolls, and ALL the men *petit maitres*, who take ſnuff in a more indelicate manner than an Highlander, and *(the Auxerre nobleman excepted)* quite deſtitute of *good manners*; for the only *real good* which the Doctor could have rendered to the public, it unfortunately happened he " had no *leiſure* to communicate, name-" ly how to *make a vigorous impreſſion upon* " *this nation, in caſe of any future rupture* " *with them.*" To do the French nation ſome juſtice, however, DOCTOR SMOLLET does allow it has heretofore produced a *few great men*; nay he does not *abſolutely deny* but that there are *two or three* to be found even in theſe days. I cannot help wiſhing, however, that I had been honoured with the acquaintance of *petits maitres Monteſquieu, Voltaire, Helvetius, Marmontel*, and many other *hommes ſavans* now or lately living in this kingdom: for tho' the generality of Frenchmen do not *think* of *thinking*; yet thoſe who do, and their numbers are not a few, I will venture to ſay, think deeply, deeper perhaps than men of any other nation; but then theſe men are ſeldom to be ſeen *chapeau de bras* at

ale-

ale-houſes, or in *the ſtreets* of Paris, or in the *damp allies* of public gardens: for it muſt be confeſſed, that thoſe places do abound with *petits maitres*; but yet truth obliges me to own, that the moſt ſuperlative coxcomb, fop, or *petit maitre* Paris, or perhaps the world, can boaſt of at this day, is not a *ſubject* of France, Spain, or Italy; but (I am ſorry to ſay it) HE IS ONE OF US *.

But what aſtoniſhes me more than all is, that the Doctor will not allow France to be in the poſſeſſion of any of the fine arts, or artiſts! yet whoever, except the Doctor, beholds the manufacture at the *Gobelins*, the noble equeſtrian ſtatues of their kings, the inimitable ſculptures of *Girondon*, and the exquiſite manner in which they model figures in China-ware at *St. Cloud*, muſt confeſs, that if ſuch things are as well done in England, that they are not ſo *frequently* ſeen. Their large plates of looking-glaſs ſurpaſſes every thing of that kind among us; nor do any people execute work in gold, ſilver, or jewels, more exquiſitely: but then theſe things are not to be found at an *Auberge*, nor at a public hotel, and therefore they might eſcape the Doctor's

* This gentleman, it is ſaid, ſpends 200 *l. per annum* at Paris, in the article of noſegays only!!

notice. The little palace of Marli is ſpoken of by Mr. Smollet with the utmoſt contempt;—but ſurely he did not ſee it!! for I do not think it poſſible for the imagination of the moſt fertile genius to conceive any thing more complete, or any thing which can more delight the mind of man. Though I mentioned this paradiſe of a place to you in a former letter, yet, after having ſeen it an hundred times, it appeared ſtill more and more delightful; and I will venture to affirm, there is nothing in Europe, if in the whole world, which can ſurpaſs its beauties. The outſide of the palace is abſurdly characteriſed as the palace of the ſun, and the twelve pavilions, ſix on each ſide the *parterre*, repreſent the twelve ſigns of the *zodiac*. But, excluſive of the buildings, the infinite number of well executed ſtatues, vauzes, urns, &c. the gardens and water-works alone far ſurpaſs, as I ſaid above, what the moſt fertile imagination can conceive. And though the chatteau muſt appear very ſmall to thoſe who have juſt before ſeen the amazing pile of buildings at Verſailles; yet the king's little palace at Marli is the moſt convenient, the moſt elegant, and beſt conſtructed houſe I ever was within. It has four equal fronts, with a noble and ſpacious hall, lighted by

by a cupola from the top, which is ſurrounded by a great number of elegant bedchambers, cloſets and cabinets, and the walls are chiefly covered with the moſt exquiſite work of the Gobelins manufacture. The king and queen's bedchambers and the council-room are upon the ground-floor; and if the apartments at *Verſailles* are *diſmal*, a remark I find Mr. Smollet alone makes, thoſe of Marli are *tout au contraire*. In ſhort, Marli, its gardens, and the beauties it contains, are not too much to bewilder the imagination; on the contrary, the palace and gardens of Verſailles are ſo incumbered (if I may uſe the expreſſion) with magnificence, that it is not a day, nor perhaps a year which could ſatisfy the curioſity of an inquiſitive and curious obſerver. If one only of the noble vauzes with which every corner of the gardens at Verſailles are adorned, was put up at *Stowe*, every body would be ſpeaking of the exquiſite manner in which the *baſſo relievo* is executed thereon; but in the garden of Verſailles they are too numerous to attract attention. And I will venture to ſay, that if that inimitable piece of ſculpture there, which, with concern I ſay it, ſtands expoſed to all weather, called the baths of Apollo, were to be ſecretly buried under the refuſe of Rome, and then

produced as a work of antiquity, all the connoiſſeurs would think they deſerved to be covered with a canopy of gold. I much queſtion whether we do not uſe the living artiſts of Europe very ill, by giving ſuch preference to works of antiquity, and I wiſh thoſe who are ſo enraptured with them would learn to make the proper diſtinction, ſo as to value things for their *antiquity alone*, when they are not valuable for the manner in which they are executed; but, at preſent, if a ſeal, or a ring, can be authenticated as a genuine *antique*, there are affected fools enough to give a large price for it, without having any attention to the hand of the artiſt. I wiſh theſe connoiſſeurs would conſider how grievouſly it muſt hurt a living artiſt, to ſee a trumpery piece of antiquity admired, and bear a high price, while his ſuperior work ſtands by unnoticed!! Yet this is the foible of our countrymen; but, to the honour of the French nation, they are proud of the work of their own artiſts; and the artiſts of France, as well as of England, have a right to be proud of their own works. But I am got out of my depth, ſo adieu.

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LETTER IV.

St. Germain's, Jan. 4, 1767.

DEAR SIR,

AS the king hunts three times a week in his foreſt near this town during the whole winter, I was deſirous of partaking of that diverſion, which I could not with propriety do, till I had been preſented to him; for he always aſks who ſtrangers are? and I did not chuſe to put myſelf in the way of a *ſhrug*, and a *Je ne ſai pas*, I therefore took the liberty to apply, by letter, (aſſigning my reaſons) to his Excellency the earl of Rochford, the preſent ambaſſador to this court, to preſent me to the king, who ſoon after gave me notice to attend at *Verſailles* for that purpoſe. And, at the ſame time, I was honoured with an invitation from the counteſs of Rochford, to dine with her there, it being the day on which her Excellency was to have her firſt audience of the queen, and the royal family of France. This was one inſtance of the pleaſant and captivating manner in which

their

their excellencies confer honour and favours; for it not only gave me an opportunity of ſeeing that whole ceremony of the firſt audience of an ambaſſadreſs from my own country, but gave me an opportunity of ſeeing a table, where no expence or art was ſpared, to render it as magnificent as poſſible; but of which I ſhall ſpeak hereafter, leſt I forget to tell you an anecdote of the famous Alderman Parſons, who you know reſided many years in France, and who, mounted on a very fine Engliſh gelding, *á la mode d'Anglois*, joined the king at one of theſe hunts. His black cap, buckſkin breeches, *&c.* ſoon attracted the notice of the king, who enquiring who he was? a waggiſh nobleman replied, *Il eſt un chevalier de* MALTA! Is he? ſaid the king (not underſtanding the pun upon an Engliſh word) then where is his croſs? The Alderman, however, was not only permitted to hunt, but the king took ſo much notice of him, and his *horſe*, that he ſoon after ſent him the horſe as a preſent; and the king, in return, gave him leave to import, *duty-free*, whatever quantity of Engliſh porter he pleaſed into the city of Paris. A moſt generous return! for it is inconceivable what a profit muſt ariſe from ſuch an indulgence. A French *Bourgois* however

ever rich, not even the *fermiers generaux*, are ever permitted to hunt with the king. After I had been preſented, I conſtantly partook of that diverſion; and though the king neither admired me nor my horſe, I unavoidably ſometimes fell ſo much in his way, as to experience a look and manner, which his good-nature and good-breeding could not conceal; for he has naturally ſome diſlike to an Engliſhman. I miſinformed you as to the king and nobility riding with piſtols, *&c.* upon theſe occaſions; it is only the huntſmen and guards who are ſo armed. What is ſingular is, that the principal huntſman is a gentleman of fortune, who rides with the horn over his ſhoulder, and ſounds the ſight, the death, *&c. &c.* and is dreſſed in the ſame uniform as the king. Dreſs, even in the field, is attended to here; for I was told, with great civility, but a very ſerious countenance, that my black waiſtcoat was a great impropriety at a hunt, though it was during the ſecond mourning for the *Dauphin*. You muſt not, however, think hunting in France is like the ſame diverſion in England; for it is quite another thing, as you ſeldom ſee either the dogs or the chace, or ſeldom ride hard. When the ſtag or wild boar is killed, there is a particular ceremony

mony performed. The foot is cut off by the huntſman, and given to the king, and the ſtags heads are all blanched, and carried to *Verſailles*, where many of them are to be ſeen, wrote upon by *the king's own hand*, *when* and *where* killed!— But to return from the field to the court. When the counteſs of Rochford came to the door of the queen's apartment, her Excellency was received by a lady of the bedchamber, and was by her conducted to the queen, who received the ambaſſadreſs ſtanding. A ſtool was placed oppoſite the queen, whereon her ladyſhip, during her ſhort audience, ſat; and juſt as ſhe was going to retire, two doors were thrown ſuddenly open, and an audible voice called out, LE ROY! when the king appeared, under a pretence of viſiting the queen; but in fact this was a ſtudied piece of addreſs, that the Ambaſſadreſs might be preſented to him at the ſame time, as it would certainly be very aukward, and indeed very abſurd, for an ambaſſadreſs to viſit the king upon ſuch an occaſion. *Monſieur le Dauphin*, and his brother the *compte de Provence*, made uſe of the ſame addreſs, and viſited their mother *madame la Dauphine* during the time the Ambaſſadreſs had audience of her. Upon this occaſion a great number

number of Engliſhmen of very high rank attended the ambaſſadreſs, among whom was the new-created duke of Northumberland, whoſe elegant dreſs, richly adorned with jewels, made no ſmall addition to the cavalcade, and the whole ceremony was conducted in all reſpects, with ſuitable dignity to the occaſion. After the ceremony, which muſt have proved very fatiguing to the ambaſſadreſs, by the ſeverity of the weather, and the great diſtance of the ſeveral apartments of the royal family from each other, a moſt noble and ſumptuous entertainment was provided in the palace, for the ambaſſadreſs and her company. To give you a deſcription of the dinner is more than I am able; but the table at which I dined (for I found afterwards there was another) was illuminated with upwards of ſixty wax lights, and the deſart was inconceivably magnificent. I had the honour to ſit between an archbiſhop of France and an Iriſh earl *, and was well entertained in all reſpects. There is a great deal of wine drank in France during dinner, but none after. The climate, the wine, the fruit, and the eaſe and good breeding of the firſt people in France, are indeed very powerful arguments in favour

* Lord Mazarine.

of

of the country; but, on the other hand, the dirt and poverty of the numerous poor (and they are very numerous) renders it very inferior to England in that reſpect. Champaign is ſeldom brought to elegant tables in France; they ſpare it to us Britons; out of *politeneſs*, and a conviction that it is not *wholeſome* for themſelves. "In my next I "ſhall endeavour to ſatisfy you in other "articles you deſire to know; mean "while,

"I am ever yours."

P. S. I cannot omit informing you, that the dinner was brought to the table by a regiment of *whiſkered* Swiſs ſolders! while a great number of idle ſervants ſtood behind the chairs of their ladies, and maſters with their hats on; and what was ſtill more extraordinary, I ſaw four boys (which, upon inquiry, I found were aſſiſtants in the kitchen) ſtand directly oppoſite to the ambaſſadreſs and the ducheſs D'Chouſeul, with night-caps on their heads, which no time could have rendered more filthy, and their aprons and other apparel equally obnoxious; but this was an inſtance of the eaſe and freedom, for which the kingdom of France is celebrated: indeed it is ſuch an

an *olio* of magnificence, elegance, riches, and poverty, that diſagreeable and diſguſting objects, do not ſeem to ſtrike the eyes and mind of the natives of France, as it does thoſe of other nations. Were the poor day-labourers and *vigenerons* capable, by their labour and induſtry, to keep themſelves, their families, and their little habitations, in the ſame neat, ſimple manner that the induſtrious part of the poor in England do, France would be the moſt delightful country in the world, either to paſs through, or to reſide in; but the extreme poverty of the poor, and the poor day-labourers in particular, renders their villages, nay, even their great towns, very filthy. The *fermiers genereaux* oppreſs them beyond conception, and they toil from morning till night, expoſed to the inclemency of all weathers, and yet live a much more wretched life than any of the African ſlaves, in our colonies, or in their own. But their lively diſpoſition bears them through all with chearfulneſs, and they conſider they are getting their own bread, while they are, in fact, toiling for wretches, who deſerve not the name of men. The luxury in which the *fermiers genereaux* live in France is ſcarce credible! the poverty and dirt of the poor is equally

as

as offenſive. That *good* king Henry the fourth of France had uſed to ſay, he would wiſh to govern ſo, that every one of his meaneſt ſubjects might have a *poullard* in his pot on a ſunday.

LETTER V.

St. Germain's, Jan. 30, 1767.

DEAR SIR,

THOUGH I live at St. Germain's, this memorable day has not produced in me ſo many *diſagreeable* reflections, as perhaps it would have created in the mind of our *travelling* hiſtorian, had he been here; eſpecially if he had indulged his melancholy with a ſolitary *ſans-terre* on the Scotch-walk near the *new chatteau*, where lived and died the *gued auld keng*: ſuch a footing would perhaps have created in him oppoſite reflections from thoſe which aroſe when his impatient feet firſt trod the claſſic ground in old Rome: for I muſt own I often make ſome *ſerious reflections* when I paſs this walk. How often, ſay I to myſelf, has the *religious* and *pious* king's feet covered

covered the ſpot whereon I now ſtand!! how many *virtuous* ſchemes have been debated under theſe trees, to cut the throat of K. W. the 3d, and all his tribe of followers! while, methought, I heard the half-ſtarved Tweedites addreſſing his Majeſty as *Billy Drummond* of Hawthorne Den had done upon a former occaſion.

" Ah! why ſhould *Iſis* only ſee thee ſhine?
" Is not thy Forth as well as Iſis thine?
" Tho' *Iſis* vaunt ſhe hath more wealth in
" ſtore,
" Let it ſuffice, thy Forth doth love thee
" more.
" Though ſhe with beauty may compare
" with *Seine*,
" For ſwans and ſea-nymphs with imperial
" Rhine;
" Yet in the title may be claim'd in thee,
" Nor ſhe, nor all the world, can match
" with me."

But to return, not abſolutely, to another ſubject; for it is to tell you, I dined the other day at Paris with the Engliſh monks, who ſtill preſerve above ground, in a ſmall chapel belonging to their convent, the body of king James the 2d, and of his daughter. One of the young monks always attends to ſhew

ſhew ſtrangers the remains of the *old one*, to whom he gives, to all *good ſubjects*, a little bit of velvet from the outſide of the coffin, as an infallible cure for the itch and the *evil*; and moſt gentlemen who accept it make him ſome ſmall pecuniary recompence; but to the ladies, I am told, he is more polite, as he generally *gives them* the velvet gratis. After dinner, I was invited to ſee two Engliſh young ladies renounce the world, the fleſh, and the devil, at the Engliſh convent called the Auſtin Nuns. The eldeſt of theſe girls is the ſiſter to the Reverend Mother (for ſo the *prieure* of this order is called;) ſhe was about eighteen, the other ſomething younger, and both ſeemed to have a ſufficient ſhare of of bodily accompliſhments, to intitle them to take a longer trial for worldly enjoyments. Upon entering the chapel of this religious houſe, we found one Wilkinſon (the convent confeſſor) ſeated under the altar, and covered with a moſt gaudy embroidered mantle, the work of the nuns, where two young prieſts, belonging to the Engliſh ſeminary, ſtood one on each ſide of him. In a few minutes the lattice-gates, or *jalouſé*, at which the nuns uſually aſſemble to hear maſs, were thrown quite open, and the young women full dreſſed in the extreme

treme of the preſent mode appeared, moving ſlowly from the inner apartment up towards the altar, preceded and followed by a train of young ladies, and ſeveral female children, all bearing long wax lights, two of the leaſt had large ſilken wings, and carried in a little baſket a garland of artificial flowers, which were to adorn the brows of the new-initiated *religieuſe*. In this manner the two novices, and their little guardian angels approaching the altar, were received by the prieſts with much ſolemnity, and ſeated one on each ſide, while a young Engliſhman preached a very good extempore ſermon, pointing out to his *dear ſiſters* (for ſo he repeatedly called them) the many evils they were ſure to eſcape by thus ſhutting themſelves out from this world, and the certainty of an ample recompence in the next. The ſermon being over, the ladies retired within the convent for a ſhort time, in order to throw off the garments of the world, and to be covered with the firſt white veſtment of their holy order, in which they ſoon appeared at the farther end of the inner apartment, moving very ſlowly up towards the *jalouſé*, each bearing in her hand a ſmall crucifix. Their hair, which had been ſome hours that morning adjuſting,

was

was now diſhevelled, and hung down to their waiſts, and thus embracing the crucifix, with their eyes caſt up to heaven, they approached the *jalouſé*, where a carpet was already ſpread, and two cuſhions were laid, upon which they proſtrated themſelves upon their faces for near half an hour. This, I preſume, was emblematical of their death and burial to the world. At length the eldeſt was raiſed from the lap of earth, and conducted to that of the reverend mother, her ſiſter, by whom (falling before her on her knees) ſhe was embraced; and who then proceeded to cut off part of her hair, and to cloath her in the complete habit of the ſiſterhood, which was compoſed of a number of articles, more like thoſe I have ſeen my good friend, *Mrs. Kennon*, put about a young child, than ſuch as to me ſeemed neceſſary for a perſon grown up to years of maturity, if not of judgment. During this tedious ceremony of dreſſing, father Wilkinſon, who ſat near the *jalouſé*, touched and bleſſed every garment before it was put on, which the reverend mother held to him, and received, ſanctified by his hands, with the utmoſt appearance of holy proceſs. When the cloathing was finiſhed, being all white, a knotted cord for her zone was tied round her

her waſte; ſhe was then raiſed from her knees, and crowned by her little guardian angel, and ſtood before us with upcaſt eyes, in a praying poſture, during the whole time her companion was undergoing the ſame ceremony and dreſs. When both were cloathed, and had received the benediction of the prieſt, and joined in a few prayers, they went round the inner chapel, to pay their obeiſance to the ſiſters of the community, who were at prayers in their ſeveral ſtalls; by whom they were embraced, and congratulated upon their happy change of life.

As the eldeſt of theſe young ladies was tall and thin, her dreſs quite white, and no ways unbecoming; whatever father Wilkinſon or her *reverend ſiſter* might think of the matter, I muſt own, her *ſecond* dreſs did nor render her, in my eyes, a whit leſs proper for the affections of the world. Upon the whole, however, to thoſe who could not perceive that this religious play was *acted* according to *frequent rehearſals*, and where the hearts of few of the actors ſeemed to be intereſted, it would naturally produce many ſenſations much eaſier conceived than deſcribed: for though I was convinced how the matter really was; yet, like as at play, I found myſelf often deeply intereſted for the parties.

But

But I muſt not omit telling you, that before the ceremony of nun-making began, a jolly Engliſh prieſt, who had invited me to ſee it, put his head through the convent grating, and ſung lady Coventry's minuet to two young ladies, who danced to it ſo well, that I could not help thinking they looked as if they thought themſelves on the *wrong* ſide of the hedge, and put me in mind of a *bon mot* of a young lady of my acquaintance, who being a penſioner at a convent, deſired one of the nuns to ſet her right from a miſtake ſhe had made in her embroidery. The peeviſh ſiſter refuſed her, and bid her wait till the miſtreſs of that work was at leiſure; adding, in a flirting manner, you are *got out*, ſiſter, and you cannot *get in!* "It is true, replied the "young lady; but it is ſtill worſe with "you, ſiſter: for you have *got in*, and you "cannot *get out*." The next morning my friend took me to make a viſit to the two young nuns, and I muſt own I found them with their garlands ſtill upon their heads, and by their vivacity and converſation, they ſeemed perfectly happy. Sure I am, with us they were as merry as *Greeks*, and I could ſcarcely believe they were the ſame grave, demure-looking damſels I had ſeen the night before, with their heads in the lap

lap of their ſiſter the reverend mother.

" But as this letter has run to an uncommon " length, I ſhall defer till another occa- " ſion, what I have farther to ſay of the " people of this place; and in the mean " time I aſſure you, that I am always " your's affectionately."

LETTER VI.

St. Germain's.

DEAR SIR,

THERE is ſcarce an individual to be ſeen amongſt the peaſants of this kingdom who have any pretenſions to beauty, and in general their countenances are diſguſtful; on the contrary, moſt of the people of faſhion, while young, are handſome; * but their beauty is not ſo permanent as with us; and when they are old, ſcarce any traces of it are to be found. There is more human deformity to be ſeen

* A ſhort round face is eſteemed the moſt beautiful in France. The long, oval, *Madona* face, which we admire, is called, by the French, *la viſage de mouton.*

in Paris in one day, than you meet with in London in a month. They ſeem to be quite ignorant of the proper method of nurſing young children; or perhaps it may ariſe from poverty, as few women of the common ſort can ſubſiſt at home, and they are frequently compelled to leave their children for the greateſt part of a day together faſtened into a cradle: and beſides this, nature herſelf (if I may uſe the expreſſion) ſeems leſs attentive to perfect her works in the human ſpecies here, than in any other country I have yet ſeen. Among many nations of the American Indians, I do not recollect ever to have ſeen one deformed perſon; and I believe what we call the marks peculiar to *longing* women, ſuch as hair-lips, *lobſter hands*, claret, and the reſt of thoſe old womens conceits, are peculiar to the *European* ladies: for in France one continually meets with *outrè* in a ſuperlative degree; and though red wine is in the poſſeſſion, or eaſily come at, by the meaneſt of the poor, yet we met with as many *claret-longing* mothers in France as in England! I am apt to ſuſpect, if Dr. Brown was now living, we ſhould find him put the matter of *longing* down amongſt his vulgar errors. I would not deny that breeding women may long, or have a mind

to

to particular things, for that is a fact; but the *marking* conſequence of going without it, is mere nonſenſe. It is confidently aſſerted here, that a woman, within a week of her time, went to ſee a man broke on the wheel, and that day ſe'nnight produced a child, with a fracture upon every bone of the child which had been broke of the criminal's! This might have done two or three hundred years ago; but now philoſophy and reaſon has cried moſt of theſe abſurdities down. The truth is, when a child is born, the good women examine it; few children are without a mole, or ſome particular ſpot or blemiſh upon their ſkin. The next buſineſs is to determine *what it is like*; and when they have found out that a ſquare mole is like a piece of bacon, and an oblong one like a mouſe, the mother is informed therewith, ſhe *then* recollects, that ſhe did, in the courſe of *nine months*, ſee a piece of bacon and a mouſe; of the firſt ſhe could have wiſhed to have eat, and the latter frightened her; but ſhe was *aſhamed* to *aſk* for the one, or mention the other. No mother chuſes to produce a monſter, or a child that is not in all its limbs quite complete; ſo when a child's hand is like the claw of a lobſter, or its lips divided like a hare's, the mother pre-

ſently *furniſhes* an *excuſe*, and informs all her friends how much ſhe longed for a lobſter, or was frightened by a hare! but I have never yet heard what the mark would be *before the child appeared.* Of the many thouſands of young women who have proved unluckily with child, and *longed* to be married to their dear ſeducers, not one *girl* was ever yet marked with a church, or a common-prayer-book, nor even with a wedding-ring; though ſometimes the boys, it muſt be allowed, do bear a ſmall mark of their mother's longing. I hope this aſſertion will not offend your ſiſters, or bring down upon me the wrath of the teeming ladies; for I am convinced they ought to have what they long for, and that they may be ill without it. And beſides, I would have given myſelf a guinea for a pint of ſtrawberries at Chriſtmas for the eating of a longing relation of my own. Indeed ſhe was miſtaken in one reſpect; for though ſhe really *longed* for the ſtrawberries, Dr. H—— found out, in the courſe of three or four months *touching*, that ſhe was not with child. Now I am upon this ſubject, I muſt inform you, that few people of faſhion here employ men-midwives. One who is a profeſſor of this *myſterious art* told me, with great warmth,

and a round oath, that a Frenchwoman would ſooner admit half a dozen men to her bed, than one at her labour; and indeed I think the former much more natural, and conſequently more excuſable. Mademoiſelle Byrone, now living at Paris, after having diſſected a great number of female bodies, has made an artificial woman, with all the parts, internal as well as external, which ſets this matter in the cleareſt light. This moſt ingenious and ſenſible woman, has been ſtrongly ſolicited to go to England, and there exhibit this wonderful figure, by which ſhe ſhews the wiſdom of never-erring nature, and the danger of modern *art* and inſtruments; but the empreſs of Ruſſia having given her a thouſand guineas for the firſt figure of this kind which ſhe made, though much inferior to that which ſhe now exhibits, I am afraid ſhe will be content with that money, and the preſents ſhe daily receives for ſhewing the latter. The external form of this figure, which is ſomething ſmaller than life, is made of wax; the breaſt is laid open, the lungs, the liver, gall-bladder, heart, inteſtines, are all compoſed of materials ſo exactly reſembling nature, that nothing can convince you to the contrary but touching them. She alſo ſhews you

the womb, with the embryo, from the firſt conception, through every ſtage of pregnancy, to the minute of delivery; the ſituation of twins, and the birth; and though ſhe is rather a young woman, her ſuperior underſtanding and good addreſs, prevents a poſſibility of thoſe who go with a diſpoſition to laugh, or be indecent, from putting their deſigns into execution; tho' I muſt own the French women are, many of them, ſtrangers to what we call delicacy. A fine young lady will talk of *une chaiſe perceè* before men with as much indifference, as ſhe would of her ſedan chair! The French ſtudy what we call the *ſnugs* of life with great ſucceſs, becauſe they can put them into execution without being laughed at. Porters and ſhoe-blacks at Paris wear their muffs with the ſame *bonne grace* as a preſident of the parliament; and ſo does every ſmart coachman and footman, when they attend their maſters. Luxury is carried to as great a length by the modern French, as it was by the old Romans. It is ſcarce poſſible to conceive in what voluptuouſneſs the royal family, the princes of the blood, but above all, the *fermiers generaux*, live; but then it is thoſe, and thoſe alone, who can afford to live ſo. It is a ſad country for the poor, who, amidſt

amidſt abundance of plenty, live wretchedly; the multitude are ſlaves to a few, and the poor are truly ſo. I do not mean the beggars; I mean the induſtrious and laborious peaſants and *vignerons*, who ſlave and toil, both ſexes alike, without ſcarce ever being able to purchaſe a good meal, or have a ſixpence in their pockets. No nation under the ſun is ſo much diſliked by the French nation as the Engliſh: this diſlike is concealed by the good breeding of the better ſort; but the *petit monde* betray it upon moſt occaſions. Nor is any religion ſo obnoxious to them as Proteſtantiſm, not even the Jewiſh. The women of faſhion are libertines in their youth, and of courſe devotees in old age. So ſoon as they find themſelves neglected by the men, their paſſions take another turn; and, like the enthuſiaſtic Methodiſt, they fanſy themſelves in love with Jeſus Chriſt. I can with truth affirm, that London is a virtuous city, compared with Paris. We have been made to believe the ſucceſſes of the late war aroſe from the ſpirited reſolves of a then private gentleman; but I fanſy a great deal of it ought to be placed to the account of Madame Pompadour, a woman who reigned abſolute in France for upwards of twenty years, over king, miniſters,

niſters, and parliaments; a woman, by whoſe ſole authority juſtice was perverted, able generals recalled, and inſufficient ones placed in their ſtead; for ſhe not only appointed admirals who had never ſeen the ſea, but the merchants, by bribing her creatures, got all their goods ſent to their colonies in men of war, by which means their ſhips were in general ſo encumbered with merchandize on their gun-decks, that they were unable to make a proper uſe of their force; and what was ſtill more in our favour, they were unable to procure ſea officers of real abilities and knowledge in their profeſſion to take commands, for THEY perceived neither honour or profit could ariſe. I have ſeen ſeveral letters wrote at that time by a very able ſea-officer, lamenting the calamities which that woman brought upon this country, and declaring his reſolution to live on a little, and in obſcurity, rather than take the command of a ſhip, while he muſt receive his orders from an ignorant clerk of ſome office. To this woman's baſeneſs England owes much of her late ſucceſſes, and the corruption ſhe introduced throughout this kingdom, will be felt for a long time. What elſe indeed could be expected from a low-born woman, who forſook an affectionate

tionate huſband, proſtituted her perſon, renounced his name, and cauſed him who gave it her, and who loved her, to be baniſhed! who had the effrontery to inſiſt upon being made *dame d'honneur* to the woman whom ſhe ſo publicly injured; an employment by which the queen could not have even a pair of ruffles without her permiſſion; nay, not without aſking her for them: all which the pious, good queen ſubmitted to with a dignity ſcarce to be conceived. Is it to be wondered then that the marchioneſs of Pompadour always ſhewed a proper reſpect to the queen? This is what her friends extol her for! but ſurely her acting as *dame d'honneur*, or daring to appear even in the preſence of the queen, was an act of the higheſt inſolence, and a proof that ſhe was a ſtranger to ſentiment. Her perſonal attendance on the queen did not ariſe from humility; for in her own apartments ſhe had only one chair, whereon ſhe ſat when ſhe received company, and round which the miniſters and princes of the blood were mean enough to ſtand, and pay their ſervile court! and he went away moſt happy, on whom ſhe deigned the oftenеſt to ſmile, or ſpeak to graciouſly!! In ſhort, all royal favours were obtained through her means, and thoſe favours were

granted to ſuch only, who could bribe their way through all her male and female domeſtics, till they could gain admittance in perſon, to lay the laſt offering upon her toilet. The late dauphin, to his immortal honour, was almoſt the only man in the kingdom who dared openly to ſhew an abhorence to her conduct, and contempt to her perſon. Indeed he once ſo far forgot himſelf, and *her too*, as to give her a box on the ear, believing what ſhe really meant as attention, to be intended to inſult him. The caſe was related to me by one who was in a manner an eye-witneſs to the tranſaction. The marchioneſs having, upon ſome particular occaſion, prepared, oppoſite to the king's and dauphin's apartment at Verſailles, a *feu de joy*, the dauphin cauſed all his windows to be ſhut up, in order to avoid partaking of any entertainment to which ſhe gave birth. Of this the king was informed, who gave immediate orders that the windows ſhould be all forthwith opened. The dauphin abſolutely forbid the ſervants to open them; but they, with all humility and reſpect, beſought his permiſſion to obey the poſitive commands of their maſter, as well as their ſovereign: for you muſt know, that the dauphin of France has no ſervants of his HIS OWN, but is attended by the

the king's. Upon which he acquieſced; but at the ſame time conſidered himſelf ſo much his own maſter, as to determine to leave the apartments till the *feu de joy* was over: but unluckily as he was paſſing from one ſide of the chatteau to the other, he met the marchioneſs (who knowing nothing of what had happened) approached him with a ſmiling countenance, and preſented to him a *bouquet*. This preſentation, which was civilly meant by her, he conſtrued into an inſult, and his temper being previouſly ruffled, he ſo far forgot himſelf, as to take the *bouquet*, and return her an *un ſoufflet*; for which he was baniſhed the court, and actually impriſoned for a day or two, but obtained his liberty by aſking her pardon. It cannot be wondered at, that a nation thus governed for twenty years ſhould become exceedingly corrupt; and that all the women ſhould imitate her manners, and covet the power of governing their families as the marchioneſs did the king and kingdom. In which they *happily* have ſucceeded; for the *female adminiſtration* has actually taken place on this ſide the water; nor is there any probability of a change: for while luxury prevails, and lewdneſs is countenanced; where trifles are eſteemed, and the moſt important matters

are held in contempt; while dancers and fidlers get more in one day, than an induſtrious labourer can in a whole year; where women marry with a view of ſinning ſecurely, and even under the ſanction and countenance of their huſbands; where the temples are polluted, and the clergy are in general the moſt profligate and abandoned; where boys are made biſhops, and the few, very few, pious good men of that order are *rewarded* with *cures* of three or four hundred livres a year; there is much internal danger to be apprehended at home; but none to be feared from their neighbours: ſo that notwithſtanding what we ſee and hear about ſhips building in every port in France, levying of troops, reviews, *&c. &c.* this kingdom never was in a more contemptible condition in every reſpect than it is at this day. The king is now ſpending the revenues of 1772, and the ſubjects are deeply oppreſſed. All the revenues are farmed out to individuals, and thoſe bloodſuckers are thereby impowered to oppreſs the induſtrious poor in every manner they can contrive; ſo that many of the poor, who wiſh to keep a cow to ſupport their children, durſt not do it, for fear of being thought rich, and conſequently higher taxed. What muſt be thought of a ſtate,

who

who tolerate and allow booths, theatres, coffee-houſes, and all ſorts of public ſpectacles to be exhibited and opened during the whole night, and that too within the walls of the capital city! At this time there is a theatrical entertainment upon the *boulevards* at Paris, which is frequented by people of the firſt diſtinction, the doors of which are not opened till after twelve o'clock at night! The French people of fortune eat a ſlight dinner at mid-day; but the ſuppers of thoſe who can afford it, are ſet off with every thing which can delight the eye, pleaſe the palate, and inflame the mind; no wonder then if there is but little virtue to be found amongſt women who are locked up in a cloyſter, and who converſe with women only till they are fifteen, at which age they are brought forth, exhibited at theſe ſuppers, mixed with both ſexes, and ſpend the remainder of the night in revelling and riot, either at their own houſes, or at ſome public nocturnal rendezvous. The freedom and liberty which paſs between the two ſexes, and the open tranſactions of the moſt modeſt and decent women in France, would, I believe and hope, ſhock an Engliſh woman. To be admitted into a French lady's bedchamber before ſhe is up, is as common as it is to

ſee her afterwards; and if ſhe chuſes to ſhift herſelf while you are in the room, ſhe will look upon you as very ill-bred, if you do not aſſiſt her in putting her clean ſhift over her head. Nor will your preſence deprive her from attending to the calls of nature, about which ſhe will talk to you in as plain terms as Dr. Smollet: but this is cuſtom, and the faſhion of the country, and done by the moſt virtuous of the women.

Lewis the fourteenth (notwithſtanding his boundleſs vanity, of which there are extant ſuch an infinite number of monuments) was a very extraordinary man, and did more for this kingdom than perhaps ever was, or ever will be done, by any one king. There is an *aquæduct* at Maintenon, of upwards of thirty arches, built by him, which is a work worthy of a Roman Emperor. That at Marli, ſo well known, and ſo often ſpoke of, is a child's plaything in compariſon to this, each arch of which coſt, of the preſent money, upwards of fifteen hundred thouſand livres. The preſent king, Lewis the fifteenth, would have made a much better country gentleman with twenty thouſand pounds a year, than a ſovereign prince. He loves the diverſions of a country life, and is at preſent totally indif-

indifferent about the intrigues of his own, or any other court. He ſeldom goes to Paris; but when he does, if he meets the hoſt in proceſſion, he gets out of his coach, and falls on *his knees* in the ſtreet, be it ever ſo dirty; but that is *all* he has had *to do with it* for theſe twenty years: an act which is certainly not only *very religious*, but *very politic*.

The French in general have very little turn for converſing with nature, and of courſe very few know how to aſſiſt her with a little art. A large town, fine cloaths, cards, aſſemblies and theatres, are the amuſements of ſeven-eighths of the French, who have not their bread to get. I do not think there is a ſingle inſtance of a Frenchman of fortune and faſhion, who lives the life of what we call a country gentleman. The moſt political and wiſeſt public act that has been here done many years, was the extirpation of the Jeſuits; and yet this was not ſo much the effect of wiſdom and forecaſt, as partial reſentment.

Two very powerful and unexpected enemies roſe ſuddenly againſt them. The duke de Choiſeuil, the preſent MINISTER OF FRANCE, when he was *only* ambaſſador at Rome, had given that body great offence; they

they reſented it ſo much, that he was recorded in their collegiate books as their mortal enemy, not only at Rome, but in France likewiſe. But this was not all; they had a ſtill more powerful and more implacable female enemy, madame Pompadour. That lady (not being quite free from the fear of the devil) had been deſirous, in order to deceive and carry ſome important point at court, to have the *unconſecrated* hoſt adminiſtered to her, under all the ſolemnity and form of receiving the *real* ſacrament; and this farce ſhe was not permitted to act. * The pious fathers, however, of the order of Jeſus, were diſcovered to have occaſioned this obſtacle to madame Pompadour's fineſſe; and conſequently brought down upon them the weighty reſentment of an all powerful female, who, as I ſaid above, reigned abſolutely over king, miniſters, and *courtiers*. The late dauphin was a great friend to the church and churchmen; the Jeſuits were his particular favourites, who well knew the great advantages that would ariſe to

* The Jeſuits would willingly have come into her meaſures, but they feared to do ſo, well knowing, that by the article of confeſſion it would come to the knowlege of their enemies, which they then dreaded more than her diſpleaſure.

them

them in particular, and to the church in general, when that *event happened*, which perhaps they *ſecretly wiſhed*. About this time, unluckily for them, but fortunately in the event, the king was aſſaſſinated by *Damiens*, who was repeatedly put to the moſt horrid tortures, and in the end to a death, the particulars of which are too ſhocking to relate: but though he could never be brought to own he had any accomplice, yet it is certain he earneſtly and repeatedly deſired to communicate ſomething to the king himſelf; which the king, however, did not think proper, or was *adviſed* not to hearken to. Some people think he did not chuſe to *know all* which Damiens might have in his power *to unfold*. Do not miſtake me, and ſuppoſe I mean any reflection on the late dauphin; it is far from my imagination. He was univerſally allowed to be a virtuous prince, but rather too much attached to the church and churchmen to make a great king. I am acquainted with a gentleman, whoſe ſon was one of the dauphin's equerries; this young gentleman attending him on a ſhooting party, was unfortunately ſhot in the ſhoulder by the dauphin, of which wound he languiſhed ſome time, and died; but his father, mother, wife, and child,

have

have all experienced in an high degree, how ſenſible the dauphin was affected by this unhappy accident.—They have been loaded with honours and riches; nor would the dauphin ever after partake of that ſort of diverſion; and ſome people think this accident proved as fatal to the dauphin as to his equerry. What other men might do, or cauſe to be done, who wiſhed to ſee the crown upon the head of the dauphin, it is impoſſible to ſay: for it is certain there is nothing ſo dreadful as fanaticiſm, and had the dauphin become king, all the courtiers would have commenced devotees! *Bartholomew Diaz* made a journey from *Neuremberg* to Rome, on purpoſe to aſſaſſinate his brother, and put him to death, out of a *pure love to God!!*

The aſſaſſination of the duke of Guiſe, of Henry the third and fourth of France, and many others, are lamentable proofs of the rage of fanaticiſm; but the moſt horrid maſſacre which the Chriſtian hiſtory produces, was committed upon all the Proteſtants of Paris on the eve of St. Bartholomew; at which ſcene of barbarity their king aſſiſted, and ſhot many of the miſerable wretches from his windows of the Louvre, as they were ſwimming over the *Seine*, in order to eſcape from the hands

of

of their bloody perſecutors. *Voltaire* ſays, that he was an eye-witneſs to the ſurprizing effect of ſome late pretended miracles wrought at Paris: that he could perceive how they were firſt warmed, and then heated into the moſt extravagant enthuſiaſms: their eyes, ſays he, were inflamed, their limbs trembled, and their fury diſfigured their countenances: nothing can be a ſtronger proof how conſcious the Roman Catholic clergy are of the ſuperiority of the Proteſtant religion, than the pains they take to prevent their own people from reading the writings of Proteſtants, even on any ſubject; but above all, the high offence it would give, were they to attend at the ſervice of the ambaſſador's chapel. Though there are an infinite number of Pariſians who have ſenſe enough to wiſh to do ſo, yet they are afraid! for, excluſive of any religious conſideration, where could thoſe men, who are now ſtudying the Engliſh tongue, go ſo well for improvement, as where they may hear our language read diſtinctly and emphatically, by a man of ſenſe and learning; and, without any compliment to the preſent chaplain, or detraction from the late, that duty was never better performed than it now is

by

by his excellency lord Rochford's chaplain, Mr. Fountain.

As tranſubſtantiation and the belief of it is one of the moſt extraordinary articles of the Roman Catholic faith, it is the only one I ever put to the few ſenſible and candid men I have converſed with of that church, who ſay, they believe that the body of Chriſt is truly, really, and ſubſtantially preſent; but the manner of its being there is not after a corporeal manner, or as an extended body in its natural proportions and dimenſions, but rather after the manner of a ſpirit, or ſacramental preſence; and ſo believe the body and blood of Chriſt to be there as to its reality and ſubſtance, though the manner of its being there is not natural or corporeal; and this they explicate from the words of St. Paul, who ſpeaking of man's body, ſays, "It is "ſown a natural body, it is raiſed a ſpiritual "body." To ſay the truth, there is nothing ſo very alarming in the Roman Catholic religion to one who is a good Chriſtian, when we hear their articles of faith expounded by men of ſenſe and candour. It is the wickedneſs of their clergy, the ignorance and idolatrous behaviour in which they encourage the common laity; the uſe and abuſe which is made of auricular

lar confeſſion; but above all, their perſecuting diſpoſition, which is ſo unchriſtian-like and offenſive; the certainty of receiving abſolution, which the prieſts are directed and injoined to give the common people without much difficulty for all petty crimes, renders the common people of France and all Roman Catholic countries, the moſt ſharping impudent cheats in the univerſe *. What is very ſingular is, and I am aſſured it is ſo, that when they adminiſter the ſacrament to a ſick, or dying penitent, if from the weakneſs of the ſick perſon it does not ſtay upon the ſtomach, they compel them to ſwallow it again; but I fanſy this is only done by the moſt ignorant prieſts, and to the moſt illiterate rabble. The prieſts to whom I have mentioned this matter, deny it abſolutely; but a Catholic girl, my ſervant, aſſures me ſhe has ſeen it practiſed!

However deſirous a man may be to wear the crown of France, no wiſe man would wiſh to be in the ſituation of the heir ap-

* A friend of mine, travelling in the Low Countries, obſerved the great caution his *Catholic poſtillion* took of the baggage for ſome days, and afterwards as much neglect; but upon calling him to an account for his ſeeming negligence, he replied, There is no danger now, we are in a Proteſtant country!

parent,

parent.—He knows not whom to truſt, and it is equally dangerous to be loved or hated. Had the king unfortunately fell by the baſe hand of Damiens, madame Pompadour did not intend to have remained twenty-four hours after his death in this kingdom. She had been very careful to ſecure a *ſafe* retreat, and all the *neceſſary ſtores* for her retirement were depoſited in ſeveral other principalities. The dauphin abhorred her, and all thoſe who ſo meanly ſtooped to execute her artful intrigues; but had the king died, her retreat could not have been effected, the dauphin having given *private inſtructions*, in caſe of that event, to ſtop her on her flight. However, it is ſaid and believed, ſhe had a real affection for the king; he certainly had much for her; tho' their *original intimacy* had been dropped for many years*. The morning ſhe died, however, the king partook of his uſual diverſions in the field! Her brother, to whom ſhe left her whole fortune (without even a legacy to her huſband) now enjoys ſome of the moſt lucrative employments

* Some bodily infirmities is ſaid to be the occaſion. —Great care is now taken to prevent ſuch female influence for the future; and I am well aſſured the *Baſtile* confines a great number of women, who were ſuſpected of becoming too great favourites.

under

under the crown, and is eſteemed one of the richeſt ſubjects in the French dominions. The king of France never takes any notice of his illegitimate children. The army has an infinite number of officers who know nothing of the families, and their females are put into convents; but this is a method practiſed by all the better ſort of people of faſhion. High-bred people here ſeldom obſerve the *matrimonial ſacrament* after the birth of a ſon. When that buſineſs is ſecured, each party have their own coach, their own purſe, ſervants, and kitchen, though they live in the ſame HOTEL! When ſuch diſtinctions as theſe are made between a man and his wife, it is natural to conclude, others of a more private nature are formed. A Frenchman ſees his wife with her *Ciciſbeo*, and the wife her huſband gallanting an opera girl, with perfect indifference within doors, and great good manners without! When I dined with the counteſs de la Marck at Paris, below ſtairs, the count her huſband had his company at dinner above!

I am, Dear Sir, your's, *&c.*

LET-

LETTER VII.

St. Germain's.

DEAR SIR,

YOUR ſurprize that I have not once mentioned the execution of general Lally, which happened in a manner under my own eyes, is very natural; but the bare information that he was executed, is a circumſtance that you and all Europe were publicly acquainted with; and people were ſo divided in opinion relative to his guilt or innocence, that I forbore mentioning him till I could pick up ſufficient information whereon to found ſome juſt opinion. Beſides, I became early acquainted with Mademoiſelle D—n, ſiſter to lord D—n, a near relation to the unfortunate general; and as Lally had made her believe ſhe would poſſeſs all his riches when he died, *her partial account* of his conduct in India, and treatment in France, could not be depended upon. What Lally's real conduct was in India, I cannot ſay; but I fear it was neither wiſe, humane, or juſtifiable, as you will ſee by a true copy of a letter

letter written from thence, which I incloſe. It is very certain, however, that notwithſtanding Lally was repeatedly warned of the danger he was in, and frequently urged to make his eſcape, he treated that advice with the utmoſt diſregard, ſuch as a man conſcious of innocence, ought to ſhew; though it is now generally ſuppoſed he was too cloſely watched to have effected an eſcape, had he attempted it; for though he was in France, yet being an Engliſh priſoner, upon his parole, they could not confine him till the preliminaries of peace were ſigned. Lally ſaid, that the duke de Choiſeuil deſired him not to mention Monſieur Buſſy in the memoirs he was going to publiſh, aſſuring him that Buſſy had made no mention of him, in thoſe which he had wrote; but Lally replied, By G—d, I will. No, no, ſaid the duke, ſay nothing about him, and come and dine with me. But Lally told him plainly, he would do neitheir the one nor the other, and ſo they parted. Buſſy is related to the duke; and beſides, ſuch language to an all-powerful firſt miniſter might create a reſentment, which even innocence would not be proof againſt. Be that as it may, the ſame day the peace was concluded, Lally was arreſted, and put into the Baſtile, and ſoon

after tried before forty judges of the parliament of Paris; who, after many long examinations, condemned him to loſe his head; in which ſentence thirty-nine of his judges concurred, and *one* only diſſented *. The reaſon he was tried by the parliament, and not by a martial court, is, that his guilt and conviction by the latter, would not have forfeited his effects, which was thought neceſſary to be employed, in relieving the unhappy inhabitants of that city, which they ſay he ſo ſhamefully gave up, and which he might have defended. Though it was not altogether for his military miſconduct which he ſuffered: for he took the civil adminiſtration into his own hands and erected gibbets and wheels, to terrify the magiſtrates and inhabitants to pay an implicit obedience to his will, as you will ſee by Monſieur De Leyrit's letter. It is abſurd to ſuppoſe what the multitude here however believe, namely, that Lally ſold Pondichery to the Engliſh; but yet, from a very well wrote M. S. journal of his conduct there, which now lies before me, he ſeemed to have entangled himſelf in ſo many difficulties by his arbitrary conduct and mal-adminiſtration, that he had no

* The judge who diſſented is a man of a very ſuſpicious character.

other

other way to *get out* but *through* the Engliſh army. A ſenſible candid Frenchman, with whom I am acquainted ſays, his confidence did not ariſe from conſcious innocence, but a conſciouſneſs of the *weight* of his purſe, and the friendſhip of Madame Pompadour and marſhal Belleiſle, who both died *mal à propos* for his affairs. Lally was a character often to be met with; he had ready wit, but was void of ſolid ſenſe and judgment. Such a man might eaſily think himſelf ſecure, though he was guilty. Great care was taken by his judges, and the officers of the Baſtile, to prevent his ſuſpecting ſo tragical an end, leſt he ſhould convey away privately his effects, which were known to be very conſiderable; for he was always a *friend* to his purſe. The day on which he was executed, the governor of the Baſtile told him, he muſt attend one examination more at the *Conciergerie*. Lally, who knew they had finiſhed that matter, and could not legally examine him again, exclaimed,—What can they want?—They have no further buſineſs with me. * As

* The Iriſh gentlemen in the ſervice of France will never forgive the execution of Lally, and yet one of theſe gentlemen aſſured me, he heard Lally declare, If he thought he had one drop of Iriſh blood in his veins, he would let it out, could he tell where it lay; and as his *father only* was Iriſh, it is poſſible he *had none*.

they went out of Lally's apartments, two ſheriffs, unknown to Lally, who pretended buſineſs with the governor, accompanied them in the general's own coach to the *Conciergerie*, where they were no ſooner arrived, than the poor man was conducted into the chapel, where he found a confeſſor, and was told he muſt prepare for immediate death! The ſudden tranſport of ſo many paſſions ruſhing unexpectedly upon him, may very well plead ſome excuſe for the raſh, but indeed feeble attempt he then made upon his own life, with a ſmall pencil he had concealed in his coat. Upon this, he was inſtantly ſecured from any farther attempt of that kind; his mouth was gagged, and inſtead of being conducted to the place of execution in his own coach, and ſuitable to the rank and ſtation of life, in which he had moved, he was tumbled into the firſt cart they met with, and carried thereon to the *Place Grave*, about four o'clock in the afternoon, and there beheaded *. If he died a ſacrifice to intrigue or

* The ignominious manner in which Lally was executed ought not to be conſidered as a national reflection, but the partial reſentment of the officer to whom the power of execution was intruſted, who ſeized the occaſion of the gag and the cart, becauſe he had made an attempt to evade his ſentence.

faction

faction, his laſt minutes muſt have been very terrible on all accounts; for he had the additional mortification to find, from the applauſe of the populace, and the multitude of people through whom he paſſed, and to whom he was unable to ſpeak, that they approved of his ſentence, and rejoiced in his blood: An inſtance of cruelty that even butchers in England are incapable of expreſſing, when they ſee a criminal going to ſuffer. Thus fell Lally, a lieutenant-general in the French ſervice, of Iriſh parents, but born in France, and in whoſe ſervice he had often ſpilt ſome of his blood. The French allow he was a brave and able officer, and, before this fatal expedition, he was generally eſteemed. I cannot help thinking there is a great ſimilarity between B———'s fate and his; but I believe B——— was much a better man, and much leſs deſerving death. B—— erected no wheels nor gibbets for others, nor exerted any arbitrary or oppreſſive power; Lally, I fear, did both. After Lally was executed, his dead corpſe did not eſcape a cloſe and very indecent examination; it was probed in ſearch of jewels, *&c.* I cannot finiſh this ſubject without telling you an anecdote, known but to very few here, which is, that Lally, for fear of *the worſt*,

had, before his confinement, put a ſmall caſket into the hands of his couſin, Miſs D—n, ſtrictly injoining her to conceal it; which caſket it is ſuppoſed contained, in money and jewels, near the value of a hundred thouſand pounds; but when he was confined, and found that L—d D—n, her brother, was, on his account, arrived in France, Lally very wiſely, but unfortunately in the event, directed her to deliver the caſket to her brother, and gave his L——p ſome inſtructions how to proceed in caſe of his death. That injuction was very reluctantly complied with by Miſs D—n, and after Lally was executed, this impatient woman re-demanded the caſket of her brother; who very properly and prudently replied, he would open it, and fulfil the will of the deceaſed, which he doubted not to find therein. This reſolution put the woman out of all patience; and, without any regard to the reſpectable character of a nobleman, a brother, her own intereſt, common ſenſe, or prudence, ſhe wrote a haſty letter to the king, betrayed the confidence placed in her, and informed his majeſty of this *valuable depoſit*, known before only to them two, and in whoſe hands it was. L— D—n was forthwith called upon to deliver up the caſket, and immediately

immediately to quit the kingdom; with both which injunctions he complied. The ſimple ſiſter vainly flattering herſelf that the king would reward her with the caſket for *her honeſty*; it is certain ſhe could not expect it for her wiſdom. The only reward ſhe had, however, was a half-finiſhed houſe, which Lally had bought at *Carriere*, a neighbouring village to this town, which ſhe will never be able to finiſh, and if ſhe was, it would ſerve only as a conſtant *memento* of her folly.

The king, in all probability, never ſaw or knew what were the contents of the caſket, as the miniſter, *no doubt*, ſent it immediately to be divided amongſt the poor ſufferers of Pondicherry. In juſtice, however, to Lally, it ought to be obſerved, that the inferior officers ſent with him upon that expedition were in general the refuſe and ſcum of the army at home, compoſed of men of all nations, who ſerved for bread, and who were no ways intereſted in the ſucceſs of the war. I knew one of thoſe officers, he was an Engliſhman, of good family in Oxfordſhire; but he was a moſt egregious fop, and a much better fiddler than a ſoldier; and who was *haſtened* out of England to avoid *what he merited*, for his faithleſs behaviour to

a very fine woman; ſhe was a relation of mine: but as ſhe is now well married, and he dead, I will ſay no more on that ſubject.

I am, dear Sir, &c.

Copiè de la Lettre de Monſieur de LEYRIT à Monſ. de Controlleur général.

" Monſeigneur,

" L'etat de ma ſanté ne me permet pas " d'aller avec le conſeil de Pondicherry, " vous préſenter le mémoire que vous nous " avez demandé. L'abondance de la matiere, " l'ordre des faits, la multiplicité des " preuves, ne nous ont pas laiſſés les " maitres de le racourcir autant que nous " l'euſſions deſirés. Ce n'eſt pour tant " qu'un précis du tableau qui nous reſte a " faire. Nous eſperons que le précis ſuffira " pour ne pas vous laiſſer douter de quel " coté ſe trouvent la juſtice et la verité.

" Vous y verrez, Monſeigneur, à quel " point le conſeil et la malheureuſe colonie " de l'Inde ont été eraſés depuis le com- " mencement juſqu'à la fin ſous l'autorité " d'un maitre deſpotique, ou plutot d'un " tyran, qui n'a jamais connu les régles

de

" de la prudence, de l'honneur ne même
" de l'humanité.

" Vous y verrez la ſage conduite, et la
" parfaite ſoumiſſion d'un conſeil qui au
" milieu des opprobres, des gibets, et des
" roües dont on le menacoit ſans ceſſe, à
" ſoutenu juſqu'à la fin le caractere du vrai
" patriotiſme et à ſacrifier voluntairement
" juſqu'au dernier de ſes effets pour le ſa-
" lut common quoy qu'il fut certain par
" l'experience de l'abus indigne qu'on en
" feroit.

" Vous y verrez que le conſeil fut dé-
" poüillé des le moment de l'arrivée de Mr.
" de Lally, de toute autorité: que Mr.
" de Lally ſeul à toujours ordonné, et diſ-
" poſé de tout, en que le conſeil n'a pu
" qu'obeir dans les points même qu'il
" déſaprouvoit: que Mr. de Lally eſt ſeul
" comptable de toute la régie, et admini-
" ſtration, tant de l'interieur que de l'ex-
" terieur de la compagnie, puis que rien
" n'a été reglé, depenſé que per ſon ordre.

" Qu'il eſt comptable de tous les reve-
" nues, des terres et des poſſeſſions de la
" compagnie puis qu'au mois d'Octobre,
" 1758. Cinq mois aprés ſon arrivée, il
" a caſſé, annullé, la regie du conſeil pour
" affermer les terres à deux particuliers aux
" qu'ils il a défendu par ecrit de donner

" une obole ni au conſeil, ni à moy dans " le temps ou il affectoit de nous charger " de la proviſionement de Pondicherry, " qu'il eſt egalement comptable des affets " du magazin puis qu'il a fait une pareille " défence à celuy qui en etoit chargé pour " que déſormais il ne livrât rien ſur les " tillets que j'avois été juſques la dans " l'uſage de donner.

" Qu'il eſt comptable des contributions " et revenues du Thyagar, du royaume " d'Arcate et provinces qui en dépendent, " puis qu'il les régiſſoit ſous le nom d'un " prince noir, et qu'il en recevoit l'argent.

" Qu'il eſt comptable des taxes enormes " qu'il a impoſé ſur les noirs et ſur les Eu- " ropéens, et dont tout le produit luy a " été remis.

" Qu'il eſt comptable à ſes propres fer- " miers du prix de leur bail, puis qu'aprés " avoir tiré d'eux tout ce qu'il a pu, il les " a de ſa ſeule autorité depoüillés de la " ferme au moment ou ils alloient faire " voiturer à Pondicherry les grains qu'ils " avoient deſtinés à ſon approviſionnement, " et il les en a dépoüillés pour la confier à " un noir qu'il avoit depuis peu ſauvé de " la cord à prix d'argent, et par qui il a " fait vendre les proviſions d'on dépendoit " notre ſalut.

" Qu'il

" Qu'il eſt comptable de la perte de
" Pondicherry puis qu'il n'a été rendu que
" faute de vivres, et que luy ſeul avoit en
" main les moyens qui pouvoient en pro-
" curer, ſçavoir, l'argent pour en acheter,
" les fruits des terres, le produit des re-
" coltes, et les troupes pour les protéger.

" Qu'il en eſt encore comptable pour
" n'avoir pas voulu ſe ſervir des moyens
" qu'il a eu, même aprés le Blocus com-
" mencé pour réparer la faute de n'avoir
" pas muni la ville dans un temps plus
" convenable.

" Qu'il eſt en outre non recevable dans
" les accuſations qu'il oſe, dit-on, former,
" et qu'il doit être regardé ſur le pied d'un
" homme mort civilement, quant á faire
" en juſtice tout autre perſonnage que
" celui de coupable, puis qu'il en eſt venu
" juſqu'à ſuborner de faux témoins pour
" pouvoir attaquer cieux dont il craignoit
" les plaintes, ou les depoſitions contre luy.

" Vous ne trouverez pas, Monſeigneur,
" dans nôtre mémoire l'etat de toutes les
" ſommes qu'il à fait paſſer en Europe par
" la voye des Danois, Hollandois, et An-
" glois même : celas 'il ecaircira par la ſuite :
" mais nous nous ſommes faits une loy de
" n'inférer icy que les faits dont nous avons
" en main la preuve ſans replique.

" Nous n'avons point traités non plus
" ce qui concerne la partie militaire ; elle
" nous eut jetté dans un trop long d'etail
" et nous penſons d'ailleurs que les offi-
" ciers ſupérieurs qui ont été, ainſi que les
" troupes, les témoins, et les victimes des
" manœuvres, et de l'incapacité de Mr. de
" Lally, n'auront pas manqués d'en rendre
" compte. Nous nous reſervons cepen-
" dant de fournir un tableau purement
" hiſtorique de ſes operations en le genre
" en laiſſant aux gens du métiere la charge
" d'en juger.

" J'aurai ſeulement l'honneur de vous
" obſerver, Monſeigneur, qu'il y a 9 ar-
" ticles capitaux qui prouvent quelque
" choſe de plus que l'incapacité : ſçavoir,

" 1. La campagne de Tanjaor colorée
" du motif qui convenoit le moins à l'in-
" téret et à la dignité de la nation ; mais
" qui favoriſoit le But de Mr. Lally à
" l'effect de s'aproprier impunément la
" plus grande partie de l'argent qu'il
" comptoit en retirer, et en fin ſa fuite
" honteuſe egalement funeſte à l'honneur,
" et aux interets de la nation.

" 2. Son refus obſtiné de prendre les me-
" ſures et les précautions convenables pour
" aſſurer le ſuccés du ſiége de Madras, mal-
" gré tous les avis, et le repreſentations de

" ceux qui etoient en droit de luy en faire,
" et ſa conduite pendant tout le ſiége.

" 3. La ſéparation de ſes forces qui
" rendit le courage aux Anglois, les mit
" en etat de tenir devant nous la campagne,
" et de venir nous attaquer durant le ſiége
" de Vandavachy, avec une ſorte d'egalité
" qui leur aſſura l'avantage par les mau-
" vaiſes manœures de Mr. de Lally.

" 4. L'abandon qu'il fit de preſque tout
" le pays apres cette bataille, en diſperſant
" ſes troupes comme s'il n'eut été queſtion
" que de leur aſſigner des quartiers,

" 5. L'affectation de laiſſer toutes les
" places frontieres ſans des munitions ſuf-
" fiſantes ſoit de guerre, ſoit de bouche,
" et avec de foibles garniſons comme s'il
" n'avoit voulu que finir la tragedie au
" plus vite.

" 6. La négligence affectée de faire en-
" trer des vivres dans Pondicherry lors
" qu'on luy en faiſoit les inſtances les plus
" vives, qu'il en avoit les moyens, et qu'il
" faiſoit le faux ſemblant de vouloir s'en
" ſervir.

" 7. Le refus de ſe ſervir utilement de
" l'armée du Maïſſour, l'imprudence de la
" garder oiſeuſement ſur les glacis pour
" conſommer le reſte de nos vivres, et ſes
" procédés pour la dégouter.

" 8. Le

" 8. Le même refus de tous les expédiens, " manœuvres, conſeils qu'on luy donnoit " ſans ceſſe pour ſauver la place.

" 9. Le projet formé de la remettre à " la diſcrétion de l'ennemie l'annoncé par " ecrit de ſa main long temps avant qu'il " fut queſtion de penſer à capituler, et con- " ſommé par luy ſeul ſans la participation " du conſeil.

" C'eſt n'eſt point, Monſeigneur, le déſir " de vengernos injures, et nôtre ruine perſo- " nelle qui nous anime dans le tableau que " nous prennons la liberté de vous offrir, " c'eſt la force de la verité, c'eſt le ſenti- " ment pur de nos conſciences, c'eſt le crie " général et le plaintes de tant de malhu- " reuſes familles qui vous demandent par " nôtre voix juſtice de Mr. Lally qui " s'abreuve impunément de leur ſang et de " leurs l'armes, et qui triomphe de leur " ruine à la face de tout le royaume qui " crie vengeance contre luy.

" Je ſuis, *&c.*

Note, The above letter being haſtily copied, you are deſired to correct the errors, as I am not aſhamed to own I am but a very *indifferent Frenchman.*

LET-

LETTER VIII.

St. Germain's,

DEAR SIR,

AMong the multitude of things wherein the Engliſh nation greatly ſurpaſs the French, none is of more importance than that of our navy, and the infinite ſuperiority we have ever had over them in this eſſential particular. It may perhaps be worth while to inquire why we have had, and why we are ſo likely to continue this pre-eminence. The French are certainly brave, and their officers are never known to be *tardy*. It is honour, not bread, that ſtimulates them. A captain of a troop of horſe has not above ſixty pounds a year for himſelf and horſes; and the pay of a cornet is only forty livres a month, about thirty-ſix ſhillings!

I attribute, in a great meaſure, the goodneſs and number of our ſeamen to ariſe not only from the great trade we carry on to every part of the globe, but alſo to our being the inhabitants of a ſpot compleatly encompaſſed by the ſea, and affording ſuch an infinite number of harbours, rivers, creeks,

creeks, bays, *&c.* The bare ſight of the ſea is an object that every boy born in England becomes deſirous to ſee before he arrives at twelve years of age; even thoſe of the moſt inland parts; and every one who lives actually on or near the coaſt, is ſure, upon every holiday, Sunday, *&c.* to make the water-ſide, paddling in boats, or climbing to the maſt-head of veſſels in the harbour, a principal part of his amuſement. Such feats as theſe being acquired, a wiſh to go farther, and even take a voyage, becomes natural. The diſlike he has at home to feeding of hogs, and the drudgery of the loweſt offices of huſbandry, induce him to wiſh to *ſeek his fortune* at ſea. On the other hand, the French have but very little ſea-coaſt, in compariſon with ours; and it is almoſt impoſſible for a peaſant boy, who is born ſix leagues from the ſea, ever to ſee it for his diverſion. The ignorance in which he is bred up, diveſts him of even the capacity to wiſh for any thing but proviſions when he is hungry; and when he is grown a man, the idea of going to ſea is terrible to him; in war time, he dreads nothing ſo much (not even death) as a billet being put over his door, to ſummon him on board a fleet. Nothing can reconcile men to a ſea-life but engaging

in

in it very young. I knew a gentleman in England, who was not afraid to defend himſelf againſt two ſturdy beggars who attacked him on the highway, whom I could not prevail upon to go down to the ſea-beach with me on the coaſt of Suffolk, when it blew a hard gale of wind, and a high ſurf ran upon the beach! He was ſenſible that there was no real danger, and yet created in him ſuch a diſagreeable ſenſation, that no argument of mine, nor his own reaſon, could overcome it. If the outcry we are ſo continually making in England againſt the increaſe of popery, among us could any ways tend to open the eyes of our *Catholic* neighbours, perhaps we had better ſay nothing about it, and of the two evils chuſe the leaſt. I know not certainly whether it gains ground in England; but I am confident it loſes ground very eſſentially here every day, and will certainly end in a total reformation; than which, nothing may prove more fatal, in a political ſenſe to the Engliſh nation. It is the ſuperſtition, the ignorance, the great number of holidays, and the poverty in conſequence thereof, that perhaps tend as much to the preſervation of England, as the ſuperiority of our fleets; which will ever remain ſo, till the French find out that land

land officers are as unfit to command ſingle ſhips, or conduct ſea-fights, as their *land-ſeamen*, if I may uſe the expreſſion, are of ſuſtaining them. A French man of war carries a pilot, and a great number of captains, lieutenants, and inferior officers: but there is too much equality in the rank and command. A circumſtance, however trifling it may appear to ſome, is of very bad conſequence; and though perhaps the contrary practice may be carried by a few individuals in our ſervice rather too far, it had better be ſo, than as it is with the French. Now I am upon this ſubject, I cannot help pointing out a great abſurdity (as it appears to me) always practiſed in the Engliſh navy; and perhaps, though it may be well known to every diſcerning ſea-officer, yet it may come better from me (who ſo long ſerved on board the fleet in an amphibious capacity) than from any admiral, or even ſea-officer. What I mean is, the admiral, who commands a large fleet, and whoſe flag is generally on board a capital ſhip, bearing down and engaging the admiral's ſhip of the enemy during a general action, by which means his own ſhip is ſo encumbered with ſmoak, and the confuſion that the beſt-conducted action unavoidably creates, that he cannot

poſ-

poſſibly ſee what the other ſhips of his own fleet, or the enemy's are about; nor can any of his ſhips ſee diſtinctly, and frequently not at all, the ſignals which he throws out. In ſhort, an admiral cloſely engaged with an enemy's ſingle ſhip may be rendered as unable to give an account, as to form a proper judgment of the manœuvres of the fleet under his command, or the enemy he engages, as the firſt lord of the admiralty at the Horſe-Guards. It is certainly neceſſary for the admiral's flag and the admiral too, to be on board a capital ſhip; but previous to an action, cannot an admiral ſhift his flag or his perſon into a ſmall frigate, and keep that frigate ſo ſituated as to be out of all action, and even ſmoak, from whence all his ſignals may be thrown out diſtinctly, and clearly perceived by thoſe who are to obey them? I know it may be ſaid, that the enemy will ſoon diſcover where the admiral is, and attack him; but every ſhip under his own command knows that too; and knows alſo that it is his firſt duty, to go down to their admiral's protection. What I ſay here, is with due deference: perhaps many good reaſons may be given againſt this practice; but as I have often mentioned this matter to gentlemen in the ſea-ſervice without having it objected

to,

to, I would willingly put ſome body to it. An admiral who is ever ſo brave, or ever ſo ſenſible of the propriety of ſuch a ſtep, would be afraid to take it, for fear of being hooted at by the ignorant multitude! I would not therefore have it left to the will of the admiral to detach himſelf from a general engagement; but if it ſhould be thought quite proper, that it ſhould be a part of his inſtructions, or the poſitive command of the king, or the lords of the admiralty. Does any experienced able general, at the head of an army, bury himſelf in the firſt fury of a general engagement on land? Certainly no; but places himſelf where he can ſee, and from whence, he can ſend his orders in conſequence of the various and unforeſeen events that every quarter of an hour may occaſion; yet an admiral is *nobody*, unleſs he makes himſelf deaf and blind, by engaging yard-arm and yard-arm, till half his men are knocked on the head, while he, as admiral, is become quite uſeleſs; for the captain, perhaps, as to the mere fighting a ſingle ſhip, might do it better than he. "*But as for theſe my re-*
"*marks, I am afraid you will* think them too
"ſuperficial and capricious to belong to
"any other perſon but

"Your humble ſervant,"

LET-

LETTER IX.

St. Germain's.

DEAR SIR,

THERE is ſome truth in what Smollet obſerves, where he ſays, "There "are undoubtedly many marks of relaxa- "tion in the reins of the French govern- ment." He might have gone farther, and have ſaid, there are very few marks of any permanent government at all! The king and his parliament have long played very ſeriouſly at croſs purpoſes; the parlia- ment of Rouen actually hanged the man (though veſted with royal authority) who poſted up the king's edicts in that city! The archbiſhop of Paris, and the whole body of the clergy, are in open war with the parlia- ment of Paris, and ſcarce a week paſſes that hoſtilities are not committed! The par- liament are continually baniſhing out of the city one or other of the inferior clergy, for obeying the orders of their dioceſan, and conforming to the rules of the church. Phi- loſophy advances rapidly on this ſide the water, and tramples down a multitude of vulgar

vulgar errors; nor is it in the power of the clergy, who are indefatigable in checking the progreſs of it, to turn the tide, which they perceive is ruſhing in upon them, and ſo likely to overflow their beſt freeholds.

It is the very young, the very old, and the illiterate rabble, that are cajoled out of their reaſon, and frequently their property, by the artifice and hypocriſy of knaviſh prieſts.—For as lord Bolingbroke obſerves, "The plain truth will influence half a "ſcore men in a nation, or an age, while "myſtery leads millions by the noſe." An honeſt old Frenchman told me, the other day, that in his youth he was ſo biggotted, that he wiſhed often to ſheath his ſword in the body of Proteſtants, whom he had obſerved to ſneer at and deride the *religious* proceſſions when they paſſed through the public ſtreets; and that it was a very alarming ſermon which he heard preached by a celebrated monk in Flanders, that firſt diſpoſed him to begin to THINK FOR HIMSELF. I am at a loſs to know how, with decency and reverence to the ſubject, to tell you the moſt extraordinary part of the monks ſermon; but he actually aſſured the congregation, that a certain number of ribbands were formed round the head and limbs of our Saviour, while in the womb of the

virgin, in order that the delivery might be effected without any perſon defiling her body by touching it during the birth!! That ſermon, however, was preached forty-ſeven years ago; few congregations in France at this day would patiently hearken to ſuch indecent ribaldry from a pulpit; yet it is inconceivable to obſerve in what a manner the bigotted part of this nation are impoſed upon by prieſtcraft; and with what averſion and abhorrence the clergy affect to hold all thoſe who ſeem to be ſlack members of their community. One Naighton, an Iriſhman, of ſome parts, whoſe whole income does not amount to above five hundred livres a year, lives in this town as well as any man of five thouſand, and has every convenience and comfort of life about him in proportion to ſuch an income. He has wheedled himſelf into the good graces of a parcel of old female proſelytes of his own making, and devotees of this nation, to whom he is confeſſor, and they give up to him the good things of *this life*, for the ſpiritual rewards he promiſes them in *the next*; and to avoid having any thing to do with people in a very *low* condition, he affects being the moſt ſevere and difficult confeſſor in the town: by this means all the *petit monde* ſhun him as their confeſſor, but reſpect

reſpect him *for his piety*. This man prevailed upon two Scotch girls, who lived here with their mother, lady Cameron, upon a penſion given her by the king of two thouſand livres a year, to become Catholics, and when he found that their poor old mother was proof againſt his artifice, as well as her undutiful daughters, who had been encouraged to treat her with the contempt *due to an heretic*; the baſe girls, inſtigated by this prieſt and the devil, exhibited charges againſt their good and highly injured mother, to the late marſhal de Noailles, and thereby got her penſion withdrawn, and given to them, and they were forthwith taken from the mother, and placed in a convent; but the mother at length found means to convince the good old marſhal, that he had been impoſed upon, and that SHE was the injured perſon. Upon which the marſhal reſtored her penſion to her, and ordered the wretches her children again under her direction and care; enjoining her, however, never to mention any thing to them on the ſubject of religion. The poor afflicted old woman conformed ſtrictly to her engagement, for the little time ſhe lived, but the ſorrow of loſing the affection of her children in her old age, and in a ſtrange land, proved more than ſhe could ſupport;

ſhe

ſhe died before ſhe had received one payment of her recovered bounty. Till this ſtory came to my knowledge, I often converſed with this *ſame abbé*; but I never ſee him now without feeling an abhorrence to his perſon and character; and I really do not believe any French prieſt would have engaged in ſuch a ſcene of iniquity. It was not religion, but pride, that actuated him, who could not bear to think a poor old woman, forſaken and inſulted by her own children, without friends, bereft of her fortune, and in a ſtrange country, ſhould exhibit, in the face of a whole town, ſuch a ſtriking proof of the ſuperiority of the religion in which ſhe had been bred, over that to which he and her unnatural daughters had endeavoured to ſeduce her. One of her deviliſh daughters is ſtill living here. You muſt know, that no prieſt or eccleſiaſtic who does not belong to the king's houſhold, or chapel, is ever admitted even within the *arena* of the palace of Verſailles, or any place where the king reſides, unleſs they produce a written permiſſion, under the hand of the captain of the guard, while all other people go in and out *ad libitum*. But I muſt give you a contraſt to Monſieur l'abbé Naughton, in that of his countryman, one *Evering*, rector of the royal hoſ-

pital in this town. This man, with a great deal of that brogue and manner which we call *roppiſh*, is a man of a moſt amiable character. He is, I dare ſay, very ſincere in his own faith: but very reaſonable and modeſt with reſpect to others. When the functions of his chapel do not employ him in the ſervice of God, he is ſure to be found in the ſervice of man; and I could tell you many ſtories of him, which would do honour to *Parſon Adams*. His behaviour has been very different from the only countryman of my own whom I have met with in this kingdom, who invited himſelf to dine with me, borrowed my money, and took his leave by ſolemnly aſſuring me and my family, that we were all inevitably damned! This worthy gentleman too is a *curé*. Nothing is a ſtronger mark of the weakneſs of the Catholic cauſe, than their preſumption in daring to pronounce a ſentence ſo contrary to the attributes of an Almighty and Merciful God. They find themſelves under a neceſſity to frighten people into compliance, from being ſenſible they have no arguments which can prevail with men of common-ſenſe. I ſhould think the beſt means towards the total abolition of popery from our country would be, to have a few chapels publicly authorized, where they

ſhould be obliged to perform the ſervice openly; and exhibit on their holy and ſaints days all the pictures, dolls, and mummery, which they do here, and make the ſame public proceſſions with the hoſt through the ſtreets; I am confident ſuch a kind of toleration, under ſuch injunctions, is the beſt way to keep the Catholic religion at the low ebb it now is, in all parts of Europe, except in Rome and Portugal. I do not wonder at the king's forbidding the entrance of prieſts into his palace. I am found fault with for *daubing* him; but yet I muſt daub him again, and tell you a ſtory. The late Count *Charolois*, a prince of the blood, among many extravagant things which he did, had more than once committed murder, and in conſequence of his high-birth and conſanguinity, he obtained the pardon of the regency, during the king's minority. After the king took the reigns of government into his own hands, the count wantonly ſhot a poor tyler, who was at work upon the top of a houſe! and when he applied for the king's grace for this murder, the King replied, "My lord, "I will grant my grace for two murders; "for I not only pardon you, but I will "pardon alſo him who ſhoots you." The count committed *no* more murders.

This ſame count paſſing along the ſtreets of Paris in his coach, one of his footmen from behind gave an Engliſh gentleman a blow with his *flambeau*. The gentleman drew his ſword, and following the coach, pricked the footman's legs in ſeveral places. His ſcreams alarmed the prince, who ſtopped to know the cauſe; and being informed, he got out, and aſked the Engliſhman what he meant? And at the ſame time told him, he was *count Charolois*. Are you? ſaid the Engliſhman; then *pied firme*; and immediately advanced with his ſword upon the prince, in a poſture of defence; who then enquired *with temper* into the cauſe of the footman's wounds; and being informed by the Engliſhman, he ordered the ſervant down from behind, and deſired the gentleman to kill him, or give him whatever correction he thought proper, before he diſmiſſed him from his ſervice. However this *politeſſe* came perhaps from the *firmneſs* with which the two French words were ſpoken; for as the lady, mentioned by Mr. Sharp, ſaid, in Italy, to a Frenchman, "*I know you deſpiſe every nation un-*
"*der the ſun, except the Engliſh, and them*
"*you hate; but you would deſpiſe them if*
"*you could!*

I am, dear Sir, &c.

LET-

LETTER X.

St. Germain's.

DEAR SIR,

THE moſt ſenſible and diſcerning Frenchmen, with whom I have converſed, ſeem to lay more ſtreſs than is juſt on the temporal advantages which they ſay ariſe to the ſtate, as well as to individuals, relative to the practice of auricular confeſſion. Regular families inſiſt upon their ſervants attending that duty punctually. What then? the confeſſor *dares not betray the ſecrets of his penitent*, unleſs he can get ſomething very conſiderable by it; for though your ſervant has juſt confeſſed that he has defrauded or robbed you, the confeſſor is bound by the laws of the church to ſay, if he be aſked, that he is an honeſt faithful ſervant. I pay my tradeſmen every week, through the hands of a French female ſervant, and one whom I had no reaſon to believe was diſhoneſt. The baker, however, inſiſted upon it, that ſhe had with-held three weeks pay for bread. The girl, on the contrary, acknowledged that

ſhe received the money of her miſtreſs, and declared ſhe had punctually paid it to the baker. Upon bringing the parties face to face, I was rather diſpoſed to believe the girl guilty; and her miſtreſs, who was unwilling to think ſo unfavourably of her, adviſed her to go to confeſſion, and bring a certificate of her innocence. The girl went, and here follows the only certificate her confeſſor would give:

Ego infra ſcriptus teſtor audiviſſe confeſſionem ſacramentum Mariæ Annæ Singeres undecima menſis Januarii anni Milleſimi ſeptengenteſimi ſexageſimi ſeptimi.

F. Ceſteſſinus Noirot.

Though the above certificate, her tears, and her unwillingneſs to ſhew it me, was no great proof of her innocence; yet I turned it to a good uſe; I ſent it to the baker, and informed him, that I was *bound* to believe the girl *innocent*, till the baker had *been, and done ſo likewiſe*; but I have heard nothing of the baker ſince. The truth is, the ſervants are ſo very ignorant in general, and ſo eaſily obtain abſolution, that the Catholic religion promotes and encourages vice, as is evident from the general diſhoneſty of all the lower claſs of people.

people. Smollet's obſervations are extremely juſt, when he remarks, that it is no great matter what crimes are committed, ſo the forms of the church are obſerved. Eating *gras* on a Friday is a more deadly ſin than whoring, cheating, and lying. A very ſenſible French lady, of the Catholic religion, obſerved to me, that one of the great miſchiefs of auricular confeſſion is, when *very young girls* make their confeſſion to *very young prieſts*. The girl, for inſtance, confeſſes, perhaps, that ſhe was betrayed and ſeduced by her lover; ſhe means to ſay no more, to repent, and to obtain abſolution: but this will not do; the *young prieſt* will know *when*, and *where*; how *often* they met, and put a thouſand unexpected queſtions, with a face *as grave as a man-midwife*, to which the girl is obliged to anſwer: *the naked* truth muſt come *out before they part*. Nor is this all; if the prieſt be wicked and wanton (and it is a thouſand to one but he is both) he makes known to his female penitent a multitude of vices, to which ſhe before was perhaps quite a ſtranger. You know the ſong,

A lovely laſs to a friar came,
To confeſs in the morning early.

There are no men ſo abandoned, with reſpect to women, as popiſh prieſts in general. Their ſecrecy, their ſupppoſed celibacy, and their great knowledge *very early* in life how apt weak women are to go *aſtray*, are ſo many ſtronger temptations to them, than young men among the laity can have. Yet the young laity are wicked enough; we have had lately, in this town a recent inſtance of it. A young officer, who ſerved in the French infantry with much reputation, during the late war, being REFORMED in his military capacity, proved much otherwiſe in his private manners. He came here to live with his father and family; but his half-pay being not above three hundred livres per annum, would not ſupport him according to his deſire. His riotous and undutiful behaviour, in ſhort, was ſuch, that his father and he had frequent ſquabbles, which at length came to blows; for he not only beat, but attempted the life of his father; who thereupon complained to the Duke de Noailles, governor of the town. Upon which the young man was arreſted, and taken away; where, no one can ſay; but every body ſeems to agree, that he will be ſeen no more; and that he is ſhut up for life, without fire, candle, books, or any ſuſtenance but bread and water.

water. This is the fate of French *bucks* and *bloods*: they have no cards ſent to "*deſire them not to be at the pains of correcting their fellow-citizens.*"

The pariſh-church of this town being too little for the inhabitants, a new one is now building; and we had in November laſt a very extraordinary ceremony obſerved in laying the foundation-ſtone, which was performed by the governor of the town. The king himſelf was to have laid it; but it was thought it would be attended with too much expence: however, his muſic, guards, *&c.* made a great part of the proceſſion.

One gold, two ſilver, and three copper medals were depoſited under the ſtone, and a great number of gold and ſilver medals were given away. Being a ſtranger, and *a Proteſtant*, I had one of the latter; it is admirably cut, and the profile is very like the king. It is not quite ſo large as an Engliſh crown. Round the head is the following legend,

Lud. XIV. Rex.
Chriſtianiſs.

On the reverſe,

Pietas Auguſta novi ſancti
Germani Templi Primum.
Lapidem Poſuit.
Anno MDCCLXVI.

But I am impatient to ſee the firſt ſtone removed, that was laid at the building of the old church, which is ſoon to be pulled down. There were medals depoſited under it, and they know exactly which is the ſtone.

" What farther *I have to ſay, you* ſhall " know in *good time*, at *preſent I have no-* " *thing to add, but what you very well know,* " *that I am always your*

" Affectionate humble ſervant."

P. S. Having mentioned above that prieſts never reveal the confeſſion of their penitents, I muſt give you an inſtance to the contrary, that was not the effect of wickedneſs, but weakneſs; though it might have happened to a ſenſible man, off his guard. The caſe was this: A prieſt, in a mixed company where the converſation ran upon the ſubject of confeſſion, ſaid, that he had been particularly unlucky; for beſides

ſides having heard the confeſſion of ſeveral murderers, the firſt perſon that came to him after his ordination, was a beautiful young lady, who had been married but a few days, and who confeſſed the guilt of adultery. It was impoſſible for any of the company to conceive, from this general declaration, who the lady was; but unfortunately, ſome years afterwards, this *ſame prieſt*, and one of the *ſame company* to whom he had related the above circumſtance, were walking together in the *Luxembourg* gardens. The prieſt happening at that time to pay his compliments to a very fine woman, whom they there met, his companion, when they joined again, aſked him who the lady was that he had juſt ſpoke to? He very innocently told her name, and very inconſiderately added, *ſhe is the firſt perſon from whom I ever heard confeſſion!* Is ſhe, replied the other? Then ſhe was guilty of adultery within three days after her marriage to the count her huſband!

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LETTER XI.

St. Germain's.

DEAR SIR,

IT has been often obſerved, that no nation is ſo addicted to travelling as the Engliſh: the fact is ſo; but thoſe who impute it to their having a ſtronger propenſity to travel than the French, or many other nations, are miſtaken. It is their FREEDOM and their fortunes which enable them to gratify their curioſity. If you do not ſee Frenchmen in England, in numbers like Engliſhmen in France, we muſt not impute it to want of deſire, but to the expence which attends it, and the very great difficulty they find in obtaining the king's leave, without which they cannot travel. All the Frenchmen of faſhion have the ſtrongeſt deſire of travelling, and in particular of ſeeing England, the place of all others in Europe which the king is moſt unwilling they *ſhould ſee*.

Count Lauregois had never ſeen the *inſide* of the Baſtile, had he *never* viſited Eng-

land! His love for Engliſh horſes, Engliſh laws, and his connections with Engliſhmen, rendered him obnoxious at court.

When he returned laſt from England, the king aſked him, what he had been there for? The count replied, "*Pour apprendre* "*le penſer!* to learn to think. The king very wittily, but very ſhortly alſo, ſaid *à chevaux je crois*, alluding to the count's fondneſs for horſes! *penſer* ſignifying not only the *art* of thinking, but of dreſſing *horſes* likewiſe.

No man of faſhion can leave France, Spain, Portugal, Denmark, Pruſſia, Sweden, or any of the principalities upon the continent, without the expreſs leave of their ſovereign; and thoſe only perhaps can obtain it, who have the ſtrongeſt inducements to ſtay at home. The French nation are, perhaps, of all others, the moſt curious, I will not ſay inquiſitive, becauſe Smollet ſays ſo.

I heard a French nobleman at the hunt aſk a friend of mine, when he propoſed going to England? He replied, Very ſoon. Ay, ſaid the other (accompanied with a look very expreſſive of his will) I wiſh I could go with you; but I am afraid the king will not permit me: and yet I ſaw the king, the ſame morning, talking very familiarly

miliarly with that nobleman; and even playing with him!

It is not here, as in England, where a man can ſay, I will go there, or ſtay here! That ſort of liberty is a bleſſing peculiar to the natives of Britain. It is there, and there alone, that men may ſpeak as they think. While this nation are ſtruggling to obtain ſuch a bleſſing, ours (to the eternal infamy of that m——y, who, thank God, no longer exiſt) were endeavouring to lay it under the wreck of deſpotiſm. I would not have it thought I ſquint at that virtuous and never-to-be-forgotten miniſtry of ONE YEAR AND THREE DAYS, in which the marquis of Rockingham convinced us of a grand truth, which has often been controverted, namely, that an honeſt man in private life, will be an honeſt man in the character of a miniſter, or whatever ſtation he aſſumes; for during his lordſhip's ſhort, but virtuous adminiſtration, many great and important ſervices were rendered to Great Britain; among which, LIBERTY, after a long confinement, ſhewed her face once more! and I would have the year 1765 put down in the chronicle of great events, as the year in which the fury of party was not able to obſtruct the meaſures of men, though they were ſo unfaſhionable

to

to prefer the nation's glory and their ſovereign's honour to their own private concerns. It is a melancholy reflection to men who *think*, to find that ſuch men exiſted in power ONLY A YEAR AND THREE DAYS! I muſt own, however, one *great error* committed by the MARQUIS OF ROCKINGHAM, which came within my own knowledge, and indeed I have heard it whiſpered he was *frequently guilty* of ſuch miſdemeanors, namely, that he gave a gentleman, to whom he was an utter ſtranger, a place of five hundred pounds a year, beſides other *douceurs*, for no other earthly reaſon, but becauſe he was an old ſoldier, who was neareſt, and beſt *akin* to the employment; nay, he did not even know the man's name, nor was his requeſt backed by a *parliament-man!* Did you ever hear of ſuch a man for a miniſter? I predicted his deſtiny that very day, and publiſhed his lordſhip's UP-FALL two days after in the Gazetteer.

Since I am got upon mortifying ſubjects, I muſt mortify you a little more. You know with what reluctance the Engliſh gave up Martinico at the late peace; but you do not know with how much more reluctance the French inhabitants of that iſland were reſtored to their old maſter. They

They wiſhed for nothing more than to remain ſubjects to Britain. I ſpeak not at random; I have my information from one who has good poſſeſſions there, who was there when it was taken, and when it was given up. They are now building on that iſland a very ſtrong citadel. The planters in Martinico are not allowed to make any rum, becauſe it would hurt the mother country. Rum is as dear in France as Burgundy is in England. Had the planters in Martinico diſputed the ground with the Engliſh, as they might, the iſland could not have been taken. The French miniſtry, conſcious of this truth, ſhew them now but little attention; and, upon any future war, it will be no difficult matter to retake it. During the late war, they ſold their beſt white ſugar to the Dutch from twelve to fifteen livres per hundred weight, and fifteen livres that money, is only nine ſhillings ſterling! and the Dutch paid them with beef and flour, which they exchanged at the rate of a hundred and forty to two hundred livres a barrel, and for common wine, from four to five hundred livres per hogſhead! I mention this to ſhew you the amazing profit which accrued to thoſe univerſal carriers the Dutch during the late war! If we were to ſend general

Rue-

Ruefane before that iſland, with power to aſſure them that it ſhould not be given up again, the iſlanders would invite him on ſhore. General Ruefane's name is revered there for his mild and impartial adminiſtration of juſtice.——They were before, and have been *more ſo ſince*, ſtrangers to ſuch governors. By what I can learn, general Ruefane has ſomething of that *weakneſs* about him which I mentioned above, relative to a late great miniſter, and therefore a very *improper* man to be a governor. He treated theſe people *as freemen*, not as *they ought*, *like ſlaves*. It is the country of ſlavery, and therefore *ought* to have (as many of ours have) governors put over them, that have been bred up with *proper notions of arbitrary power*. If we were to ſend ſuch men as Wolfe, Ruefane, Carlton, *&c.* to continue any time governors in the Weſt India iſlands, or the provinces in America, I dare ſay the people there would be *abſurd* enough to think of making their *own* laws, and enjoying the privileges of freemen! and therefore it is better to ſend men, who underſtand the *laye*, and the *Letene*; men who have a friend *at court*, and who can keep the *white ſlaves* in ſubjection. If I had any intereſt with the preſent l—ds of t—e, I would recommend Dr. S——

to

to one of the American governments. He is a very good hand at ſcolding, and it is a good air for pulmonic complaints; and as he is an *able phyſician*, and knows a little *of ſurgery*, it is poſſible he might favour the world with a natural hiſtory of the great continent of America. Methinks I ſhould rejoice to ſee adverti ſed, "A complete "Natural Hiſtory of America, by his "excellency Toby S——, M. D." or the puff in the Critical Review, with an extract from governor S——'s obſervations on the cuſtoms and manners of the *Creek* and *Chickaſau* Indians. "But this is a ſubject "upon which I am diſpoſed to be (per-"haps impertinently) circumſtantial. When "I begin to run riot, you ſhould check "me with the freedom of a friend; the "moſt diſtant hint will be ſufficient to,

"Dear Sir, your's aſſuredly."

P. S. I cannot omit informing you with a ſingular character among the titled men in this kingdom, becauſe it is very ſingular indeed, and what I am perſuaded no other man of high rank in France, much leſs a prince, could be capable of. Having ſignified to ſome gentlemen at the hunt, that I had ſome E—— horſes to diſpoſe of, the

the p—e of M—, a man of immenſe fortune, who keeps two or three hard featured Engliſh grooms, or rather Engliſh oſtlers under that denomination, ſignified to me that he would come and look at them on a particular day; but, to ſhew his *greatneſs*, or my littleneſs, he neither came on that nor on the following days which he named; but at length came unexpectedly; and after partaking of ſome muſical entertainment which happened to be then performing in my houſe, which he greatly interrupted, by touching diſcord notes on one inſtrument, while the performers were playing on others, and bringing a gentleman with him, who ſtood all the time to hint to me that I was not to ſit down in his preſence; he offered me fourteen guineas for a mare, which coſt me in London twenty-five, and is worth double that ſum. *This p—e horſe-dealer*, however, was in every reſpect diſappointed; for not being a p—e of the blood, I took neither his hints nor his money. I had previouſly heard that the king ſaid, "If the Engliſhman does "not take care, *M*—— will *jockey* him." His highneſs plumes himſelf upon this kind of addreſs:—but he was miſtaken in his man; and, ill as I can afford it, I would rather drop my mare, as women do baſtard

baſtard childred, at the prince of Conde's ſtable-door, than take the prince of *M*—'s forty guineas; becauſe the mare is too good to be the property of any man who knows not how to ſupport the dignity of his birth, rank, and fortune: however, I will allow this p—e all the merit that his moſt ſanguine hopes could afford him, namely, that a p—e of fifty thouſands pounds a year had a chance, by his parade, polite expreſſions, *&c.* to dazzle the eyes and ſhut out the judgment of a ſtranger of ſmall fortune, ſo as to gain an advantage over him; but ſurely ſuch addreſs as this is not the character a man would wiſh to appear in, either to ſtrangers, or to thoſe of his own nation; and what made me feel it more ſenſibly, and reſent it more warmly, was, that the perſon and addreſs of the p—e are both very captivating; and I am inclined to hope his paſſion for horſe-dealing is more a foible than a fault; for though he perceived I reſented his offer with contempt, he always after ſpoke to me with great good humour and affability.

LETTER XII.

St. Germain's.

DEAR SIR,

I Told you, in a former letter, of my having dined with Dr. Howard, the principal of the Engliſh ſeminary; and I think I told you there is alſo an Iriſh and Scotch foundation of the ſame ſort at Paris. At the latter they have a very good original picture of Mary queen of Scots; and likewiſe a great number of her original letters, wrote during her injurious impriſonment by her ſiſter queen Elizabeth; on ſome of which there is ſtill viſible many proofs that her pen was guided by the afflictions and overflowings of her ſorrowful heart! for it is evident, that the ſpaces between ſome of the words were occaſioned by the tears which fell from her eyes as ſhe wrote, and being too wet to take the ink, ſhe ſkipped the tears, and left thoſe impreſſions of her affliction (for they are ſtill very viſible) to future ages, which can never fail to produce to every ſpectator, who has a ſuſceptible heart, a ſenſation that you can much eaſier conceive than I can expreſs.

The

The blank ſpaces where they were dropped, prove them to be HER tears, otherwiſe I ſhould not be ſurpriſed to find tears daily dropped on letters, ſo affectingly wrote, by a betrayed queen, kept a cloſe priſoner upon the margin of her own kingdom, contrary to all the rules of honour, faith, and conſanguinity. I will not betray to you my own weakneſs, when I found ſo large and affecting a *period*, as the tear of a beautiful queen, confined by one who ought to have been her protector; and I was glad to find ſome reſource in reflecting on the untimely death of lord Darnly, and her partiality to Bothwell; and yet, foul as thoſe ſtains are on the memory of Mary, ſome of Elizabeth's letters ought to have had a few tears of repentance too. Mary died a more terrible death than Darnly, and deſerved it leſs. After all, thoſe who expect compaſſion from princes or miniſters, are well off if they meet with common juſtice. How ungenerous was it of Mr. T———, upon my firſt diſpute with Orwell, to write me an office letter *throughout with his own hand*, and therein thank me for the "attention I paid to HIM, and "the reſpect I always ſhewed to HIS OF-"FICE. Mr. Vernon, ſays he, applied to "me for this purpoſe, and I wonder he

"is

" is all of a ſudden grown ſo very jealous " of the war-office! However, as you " have not the ſame jealouſy, I am in- " different in whoſe name orders are " brought to you."

If I was elated more than I ought on receipt of *an office* letter ſo ſingularly wrote, and from ſuch a man as Mr. T—, it is not to be wondered at. He perceived I knew and did my duty; and it was natural in me to expect, after receiving ſuch a letter, from ſuch a ſecretary, he would ſupport me throughout; and had I met with that ſupport which a ſoldier ought, who did his duty with propriety, I had never been puniſhed for publiſhing a libel. Lord B———, the preſent ſ——y, ingenuouſly told me, that *he recommended* it to the king, juſt after I had ſtood three weeks before a court-martial, and anſwered for my conduct at a bar of juſtice, to write me the moſt extraordinary letter that perhaps ever came from the w—r o—e, I had been acquitted of ſix out of eight charges, and the king had been graciouſly pleaſed to remit the ſentence of reprimand for the two, of which I was found guilty; but in leſs than ſix week came a worſe ſentence, from the *recommendation* of lord B—, than I could have met with, had I been found guilty,

guilty, on my trial, of all the charges exhibited againſt me; yet lord B—, within ten days after, wrote me a letter, with his own hand too, wherein he ſays, "I fear "my good wiſhes for you have made me "go ſomewhat farther than I ought in "leaving you the coals;" (meaning the ſerving the troops at Land-Guard Fort with coals and candles;) "be aſſured I do not "mean or intend you any harm; ſo far "from it," *&c. &c.* I am now well convinced his lordſhip did not mean me any harm; and had he not told me it was *his own* recommendation to the king, I could not have expected ſuch a ſhock from the recommendation of one, who had, upon many former occaſions, ſhewn me favour. I remember at Weſtminſter ſchool, that the *head boys* uſed to compel the *little boys* in the *lower* claſs to do many things very contrary to their inclination. What is it that Sir Blue String at the weſt end, and Sir Red String at the eaſt end of the town, cannot effect? The king, God bleſs him, could not mean me any harm; lord B— aſſured me, he neither meant or intended me any; and therefore, as harm was done me, I muſt impute it to the two favourite p——s with ribbands about their necks. I wiſh they had the addition of bells to them,

them, that they might, like the rattleſnake, give previous notice how near at hand their deadly poiſon is. But enough, "mum for that," as Toby ſays.—I may live to ſee a head or two more on Temple-bar. "The natives of a certain iſland delight in blood." I own I am ſuch an *enemy* to my country, as to wiſh Sir Robert Walpole among us again; he was a ſtaunch whig, not *abſolutely* deſtitute of abilities, and what money he idled away, was among his friends at home; not in fruitleſs fantaſtical expeditions on the coaſt of France, that our enemies might laugh at us; for I will be bold to ſay, that whoever planned thoſe expeditions *erred in judgment*; I ſay it, becauſe I have the unanimous voice of this kingdom to juſtify ſuch an aſſertion. The moſt formidable of thoſe preparations alarmed only the inhabitants on the margin of the coaſt; and the cannon taken at Cherbourg coſt more to England than their own weight in ſolid gold; and beſides, the riſque of ſo important a fleet on that dangerous coaſt, is known only to thoſe who have frequently viſited it. There are between cape La Hogue and St. Malos a continued chain of Rocks for many leagues, ſome above, but many more barely covered with the water;

and had a violent gale of wind, ſuch as is but too common in the Britiſh channel, overtook our fleets upon either of thoſe *invading* expeditions, I appeal to every ſeaman whether the conſequences might not have proved fatal to the whole fleet. This I ſay not ſo much to blame what is paſt, as to prevent ſuch dangerous and feeble expeditions upon a future occaſion.

The French managed much better with their flat-bottomed boats, when they pretended to invade us; for though the boats were really built, the troops drawn down upon the coaſt, and great numbers actually embarked, it is well known they never intended to go above a league to ſea. —At the time that the troops were embarked on board theſe flat-bottomed boats, the implements of war which were prepared for the *pretended* expedition were forty miles from the coaſt, and two of the boats were purpoſely ſet on fire, for a *light* to *blind* the eyes of the multitude, and an excuſe for diſembarking the troops. Leſt it eſcapes my memory, I muſt aſſure you, that it is a falſe charge on the Engliſh nation that they are more guilty of *ſuicide* than their neighbours; as great a number of Frenchmen lay violent hands upon themſelves as Engliſhmen; only in England

theſe circumſtances are always known, and publicly inſerted in news-papers! on the contrary, in France, it is generally concealed with the utmoſt induſtry, and never publiſhed in any Gazettes! Even an execution in France is ſeldom known but to thoſe who live near, or happen to paſs by the place where criminals ſuffer; and even theſe ſeldom know who it is, or for what crime they ſuffer. A Scotchman was hanged the other day at Paris. The day before his execution he earneſtly deſired to ſpeak to the earl of Rochford, intimating that he had ſomething of importance to diſcover. Mr. Higden, his lordſhip's ſecretary, and Mr. Fountain, chaplain to the embaſſy, went to him by his Excellency's deſire; but it plainly appeared he only wanted to gain time, and to put off the evil hour. He ſaid he muſt *write* what he had to diſcover, and that he could not perform it in leſs than *four* days. This man brought with him to France (having come by the way of Birmingham) about fifty pounds in falſe French crowns. His guilt was very notorious, and clearly proved; and an innocent Engliſh gentleman, who came from Dover, and travelled with him to Paris was impriſoned, and with difficulty ſupported his innocence. The Scotchman would not tell his name;

he ſpoke in good language, and told Mr. Higden that he had kept the beſt company; but, ſaid he, no matter for that now! When the popiſh prieſt came to confeſs him, he turned his back upon him: in ſhort, he was very much out of humour, and died in *dudgeon*. This ſhews how very neceſſary it is to be cautious how you cultivate acquaintance on the road, and what company you keep. The Scotchman propoſed *to pay* the poſt-horſes and road expences from Calais to Paris, by which means he put off his bad money, and was repaid at the journey's end with good; and his giving his fellow traveller ſome *Birmingham change*, involved him for ſome time under the ſame ſuſpicion of guilt. A ſtranger, upon his arrival in the neighbourhood of Paris, muſt be inclined to think, from the inceſſant clappers of church bells, that it is a town of great piety; and his ſuſpicions will be thoroughly confirmed, when in it, by the infinite number of men and women in the various habits of their *religious* orders, with which the ſtreets are continually crowded; but a ſhort reſidence there will ſoon convince him of the truth of an old proverb, the more noiſe, the leſs work. Would you believe it! that eight out of ten Engliſhmen that come to Paris are actually ſold before

they

they enter the city, by the poſtillion who drives them from St. Dennis, the laſt ſtage; it is inconceivable what ſums of money thoſe poſtillions get. Suppoſe, for inſtance, you direct one of theſe fellows to drive you to the Hotel de York, or any other to which you are recommended, he will either not *know it*, ſay it is ſhut up, break his harneſs, or carry you into ſome narrow-ſtreet, where you will be ſtopped up for an hour or two, till you are content to go to any Hotel, and he has many in every quarter of the town, where he gets a guinea or two guineas a piece, according to the *value of his freight*; there he leaves you, in poſſeſſion of half a dozen *valets de place*, who profeſs the utmoſt friendſhip for your Engliſh ſervants, and becauſe they are ſtrangers; they become their ſervants firſt, and then your maſter; they give notice to all the Engliſh, Iriſh, and Scotch ſharpers, with which the town ſwarms, of your arrival, and in proportion to the figure you make, the gates of your *hotel* are beſet with raſcals of every denomination, from a prieſt to convert you, down to a ſharper to beggar you; and theſe people appear in ſuch various characters, and with ſuch an inſinuating addreſs, that a young man can ſcarce poſſibly eſcape all the ſnares that are laid

for him. Thoſe parents who think they may truſt their ſons in Paris, becauſe they have previouſly had a winter's *run in London*, are egregiouſly miſtaken. There is more difference between Paris and London, than between a rotten apple and a ſound one, both internal and external. Indeed the immenſe number of ſuperb equipages to be ſeen in Paris is incredible, and the painting thereon exquiſite, conſidering that it is continually to be expoſed to the air and inclemency of all ſeaſons; but then in general you will find no better painting, and ſeldom ſo good, even in the cabinets of thoſe, who poſſeſs theſe fine equipages. It is very ſingular, but I have reaſon to believe it is no leſs true, that at this day one of the moſt virtuous nations in Europe is governed by the moſt vicious k—g. A gentleman of rank, who has reſided ſome years at the court of a certain great m—— on the continent, gave me ſuch an account of the private character of his M——, that it is too bad and ſhocking to repeat;—— though, of all nations under the ſun, he abhors the Engliſh moſt, affects to deſpiſe them, and always ridicules them. This is a motley letter, ſo adieu.

P. S. Whether Mary queen of Scots poſſeſſed the ſecond-ſight, I know not; but it

is

is evident by the following ſong, which ſhe wrote at the age of twenty-four, when ſhe was going to her kingdom of Scotland, that ſhe left France with the utmoſt reluctance:

Adieu plaiſant pays de France;
O ma patrie,
La plus chèrie!
Qui as nourri ma jeune enfance;
Adieu France, adieu nos beaux jours.
La nef qui déjoint nos amours,
N'a eu de moi que la moitié.
Une part te reſte, elle eſt tienne.
Je la fie à ton amitié,
Pour que de l'autre il te ſouvienne *.

* However uncouth the above lines may appear at this day, they are nevertheleſs admired by thoſe who perfectly underſtand the French of that time.

LETTER XIII.

St. Germain's.

DEAR SIR,

MY ſituation in this town has given me an opportunity of learning ſome particulars relative to the Pretender, after his return from Scotland in 1745. You may remember that we in England were at a loſs to know in what part of the world he was for a conſiderable time, eſpecially about the year 1756; I can now inform you, that he was that very year in London, and even preſent at a review in Hyde-park. How long he remained in England, I cannot ſay; but he left it ſooner than he intended, having been accoſted by a perſon in London, who had ſerved him in 1745, and on whoſe ſecrecy he durſt not depend. When the king of France was enjoined by the king of England not to permit the Pretender to remain any longer in his dominions; the king ſent an officer from Verſailles, to deſire him forthwith to retire; but he gave the following ſhort anſwer, "Tell your maſter,

maſter, ſir, that I will not." And this meſſage being repeated ſeveral times, and the ſame reply made, it was determined to ſeize his perſon. The Pretender, at this time, had a very *particular* friend at court, *madame Victoire*, who privately gave him notice that he would be ſeized the firſt time he went to the opera. Upon which notice, however, he went that very evening, where a guard were in readineſs to ſecure him; and as ſome ſcuffle enſued between him and the officer who had orders to apprehend him, his hands and arms were tied, and in that manner he was conducted to the palace of *Vincennes*. The ſame evening all his domeſtics were ſent to the Baſtile. The next morning he ſignified to the king, that he was ready to leave the kingdom, which he was permitted to do, and his ſervants were ſet at liberty, and he accordingly ſet out for *Avignon*. He had no particular deſire to remain at Paris; but he declared he would not leave this kingdom till all the world knew in what manner he was compelled to leave it. The Pretender in his perſon is tall, but ſtoops a good deal, being rather round ſhouldered. He has a large full eye, a pale viſage, a high forehead, and is eſteemed not unlike the preſent king of France. I am ſpeaking of what he was ſome years

ago; for I am informed he is now very much altered, and that his health is much impaired by ſome exceſſes he has fallen into. When he returned to France from Scotland in the year 1745, the king received him at *Marli*, before whom he appeared in the very dreſs he had made his eſcape, without hair, wig, or hat. He is violently bigotted to the religion in which he was bred; but, in order to conceal his *real* way of thinking, two gentlemen (North Britons) who were his conſtant companions in public, took care to declare themſelves Proteſtants, and perhaps were ſo. But had the *gude* young men ſucceeded, it is not impoſſible they might have forſaken the kirk of Scotland for a ſnug *little rectory* in *England*, or ſome lay employment about court: it is hard for old friends to part about *trifles*.

I think I mentioned, in a former letter, ſome abſurdities peculiar to the Spaniſh, French, and Engliſh nations; but I muſt obſerve, the moſt abſurd of all is, the Engliſh copying the manners, and coveting the dreſs and other manufactures of France: but I muſt now inform you with a cuſtom practiſed here, that every Engliſhman would rejoice to find religiouſly followed by the parliament or council of

England. Returning yeſterday from the hunt, in company with a gentleman of the king's houſhold, we paſſed the moſt expenſive and ſhewy *cabriolet* I had ever ſeen. A gentleman informed me, that it coſt five thouſand livres. You remember what aukward things our two-wheel poſt-chaiſes were in England ſome years ago, and this *cabriolet* is built upon the worſt of thoſe principles, is exceeding heavy, and though very fine, the clumſieſt vehicle I ever beheld. At length I found it was the king's. I then aſked why the king had not one or two of our Engliſh four-wheel poſt chaiſes, that were in all reſpects ſo much more convenient and elegant? He replied, the king had been very deſirous of having ſuch a carriage, and that it had been long and often debated at his COUNCIL-TABLE; but at length it was determined in the negative; as his example would be followed by all the nobility, and prove deſtructive to that very great branch of trade in Paris, coach-making. And he further aſſured me, that it was debated more than ſix months at the council, whether the king ſhould have Engliſh hunters, or be content to uſe thoſe of Normandy; but it was at length made appear, that Normandy could not ſupply the very great

great number of horſes that is neceſſary for that purpoſe, and therefore with great reluctance it was agreed to provide the king with Engliſh hunters, and he has now upwards of three hundred very good ones in his ſtables at Verſailles, and conſtantly maintains two thouſand three hundred for his uſe. Such imitations as theſe in England would give ſpirit to artiſts of all kind, who are not only injured grievouſly by our preference to French baubles, cloaths, *&c.* but mortified in an high degree, to ſee work of many kinds, much inferior to their own, ſold at a higher price than theirs, for no other reaſon but becauſe IT IS FRENCH! The conſequence of the king's having an Engliſh poſt-chaiſe may be gueſſed at, by his having Engliſh hunters; for I never ſaw one gentleman at the hunt that was not *montée à cheval Anglois*, and moſt of them had ſervants attending with three or four others to remount them. The faſhion is all in all in France; the brokers ſhops in Paris are filled with prodigious quantities of very valuable old china, which may be bought for a trifle, becauſe their own manufacture is, they think, preferable; though *(by the bye)* it is little better in compoſition than glaſs: yet the work and painting, however, is exquiſitely fine, but exceſſively dear. In ſhort, I muſt own, that, in ſpite

of

of all their good breeding, and all the good things with which this country certainly abounds, and even exceeds England, there is a *je ne ſçai quoi* about every Engliſhman abroad, that continually is hinting to him, that England, *little* England, take it all in all, has more beauties of nature and art; more men of learning; ſuperior laws; and, according to its ſize and number, abounds with more honour, honeſty, and hoſpitality than any kingdom or principality in the known world; and therefore I hope once more to " tempt that invidious " ſtreight which ſtill divides you from

Yours, *&c.*"

LETTER XIV.

St. Germain's.

DEAR SIR,

THE longer I live within the *pale of the Catholic Church*, the more I abominate their uncharitable diſpoſition towards all diſſenters, which they deem heretics, without diſtinction.

Having a daughter born here laſt month, monſieur l'abbé Legrand, the prior of St. Germains, ſent abbé Naighten to know

why I did not chriſten my new-born child? I told this church militant aid de camp, that I conſidered myſelf an Engliſhman (upon *my travels* if you pleaſe) and under the protection of the Engliſh ambaſſador, as well as a member of the little congregation, who meet every Sunday at his excellency's hotel at Paris, to ſerve God in the manner in which I was bred; and that I ſhould either take my child there to be chriſtened, or prevail with the ambaſſador's chaplain to give it private baptiſm here; but that I waited for an anſwer to a letter I had wrote to madame *la comteſſe de la Marck*, to aſk the honour of her ſtanding godmother. Upon this the prior diſpatched a letter inſtantly to madame de la Marck at Paris, requiring her not to conſent to my requeſt but upon certain conditions. What thoſe conditions were may be conceived by her anſwer, as follows:

" I am very ready, Sir, to comply with " your requeſt; but it muſt be upon ſuch " conditions, with which I much doubt " your compliance. Firſt, it will be im- " poſſible for me to be reſponſible for your " child, unleſs it be chriſtened at the pa- " riſh church of St. Germain's *by the prior*, " or ſome other prieſt which he ſhall name " in his place. Secondly, you muſt con-

" ſent

" ſent that it ſhall be educated in the re-
" ligion of the holy, catholic, apoſtolic,
" and Roman church. Thirdly, you and
" your wife muſt, by a formal promiſe,
" aſſure me never to ſpeak to your child
" of your own religion, and leave her in
" the free exerciſe of mine; and that you
" leave her in ſome religious houſe till ſhe
" be ſixteen years of age! This, Sir, is
" the condition of our preſent negotiation,
" and without which it is impoſſible for
" me to comply with your deſire. By the
" law of our religion an engagement of
" this ſort is very binding; in ſhort, we
" become the temporary mother of the
" child, and are reſponſible to God for
" its education," *&c.*

The prior had made me a New-year's-day viſit, and I had not returned it, and he knew I did not intend it, and therefore he was determined to put me to the neceſſity of aſking *him* to chriſten my child, or loſe *my godmother*. He ſucceeded in the latter; for excluſive of the religious conſideration, I would not have been laid under ſuch unreaſonable injunctions. It muſt be acknowledged, however, that the prior of St. Germain's is a man of a fair and unblemiſhed character. It is a royal rectory, and worth eight hundred pounds

ſterling

ſterling *per annum*; and yet neither this great income, for it is a great one in France, nor the comelineſs of his perſon, for he is a remarkable handſome man, has tempted him to fall into the general vices of this or other countries; but when he found I was not a *ſheep* for his *fold*, he did not think it politic to be over civil or familiar with *an heretic*. Two or three Proteſtants, who have died in this town ſince I have been here, he would not permit the carpenters to make coffins for, and they were buried naked in ſhallow graves in the foreſt, and their bodies ſoon after were turned out of the earth by the wild boars! One of thoſe ſpectacles, I am informed, came under the king's obſervation at the hunt, who expreſſed his abhorrence at ſuch *religious* brutality. When colonel Forreſter died at *Toulouſe*, they required his ſervants to pay thirty *louis-d'ors* for permiſſion to bury him even in his own garden; and, upon their making remonſtrances againſt ſuch an impoſition, the principal magiſtrate of the town ſent them notice, if the money was not forthwith paid, he would cauſe his dead corpſe to be dragged naked about the town!! The king however, was ſo much offended with the magiſtrate's conduct, that he cauſed him

to

to be forthwith degraded, and, together with his ſon, baniſhed the city. The reaſon why they are ſo much more ſevere againſt Proteſtants in the South of France than near Paris is, the Proteſtants are there more numerous; ſome thouſands of whom aſſemble and hear divine ſervice every Sunday in thoſe parts of this kingdom, though the prieſts who are detected, are inſtantly hanged up! But what is more ſingular is, that a party of horſe are ſent out every Sunday, with *public orders* to apprehend all thoſe perſons who unlawfully aſſemble in the fields to ſerve God their own way; but as they conſtantly take a direct contrary route from that which they know the Proteſtants are gone, it is paſt all doubt they have *private orders* not to *find* them. The ignorant rabble, however, are amuſed by theſe purſuits, and they are too ignorant to perceive the deception. It is impoſſible for a ſenſible Frenchman, who knows Chriſtianity only from the church of Rome, to be a Chriſtian; France therefore abounds with more Deiſts than any kingdom on earth; for it certainly abounds with ſenſible and learned men. An Engliſh woman now in this town, who was converted to the church of Rome in England, by her huſband, a Frenchman,

Frenchman, had not been here long before ſhe told him, "It is well, my dear, you "made a convert of me in England; for, "had I come here firſt, you would not "have ſucceeded." A juſt and ſenſible remark.

I am, dear Sir, your's, *&c.*

LETTER XV.

St. Germain's.

DEAR SIR,

CONſidering how many blemiſhes, imperfections, and diſagreeable circumſtances I have pointed out, belonging to this nation in particular, you will perhaps think the frequent cenſures I let fall on *Toby the Martinet* in *literature*, is rather too ſevere for what he has ſaid; but be it remembered, what reſentment I expreſs does not ariſe ſo much from all the falſe charges he has laid upon the backs of the French nation, but thoſe likewiſe with which he has as unjuſtly, I hope, ſaddled the Engliſh. When I ſay the Engliſh, obſerve, *I, like him,* do not mean *Britons*, and

and include *Scotland*; but the *Engliſh nation ſingly*. In his hiſtory of England, the Pretender is called "*the Prince Pretender.*" Dr. Cameron's manly fortitude at the place of execution is held forth, I preſume, to ſhew, what *virtue in diſtreſs* is capable of combating! Whenever *Toby* ſpeaks of bad actions, they are performed by the *Engliſh nation*; when good, by the *Britiſh!* He *even too* gives the l— to the K—'s ——h on the 13th of *November*, 1753; and preſently afterwards charges both houſes with preſenting an affectionate addreſs to this *harangue!!!* The genius of the *Engliſh* people is, he ſays, "incompa-" tible with tranquillity: if they have " no foreign provocations, they will be " agitated by the turbulent ingredients in-" herent *to themſelves.*" But why the Engliſh nation? Are not the *Scotiſh* equally ſubject to ſuch agitations? When a rebel is hanged, it is owing to the "*barbarity of* " *the Engliſh!*" The ſtory of Elizabeth Canning is foiſted in, on purpoſe to give a characteriſtic idea of the Engliſh nation. The ſtory of that wicked ſlut indeed he has told very juſtly; but very unjuſtly deduces the character of the *Engliſh nation*, from the zeal with which that impoſtor was ſupported; but he ought to have known the

the girl was a diſſenter, and thoſe of her tribe were at firſt weak enough to believe her ſtory, and wicked enough to ſupport her in it, after they were undeceived; fooliſhly believing her guilt would bring down a general reflection on thoſe of the ſame community. I knew a man-midwife, who was tried for his life, for raviſhing a married woman, one of his patients. He was a pillar of a certain country meeting-houſe; for which reaſon it is inconceivable to ſee what pains *his brethren* took to ſerve, and ſave him. This ingenious midwife, after having TOUCHED half the married women of I—, is now gone to exerciſe his *touching* function in one of the moſt capital cities in England! What is very ſingular is, that at his trial for the *rape*, a great number of the *virtuous married* women, whom he had often *touched*, attended in court, to give evidence upon oath, that he had *laid them* without *lying with them!* That the women ſhould attend to give evidence in favour of their own dear doctor, does not ſurpriſe me; but that the *ninnies* their huſbands ſhould have coached them off a four-and-twenty-mile jaunt for ſuch a purpoſe, is rather extraordinary! The multitude of ſuch inſtances as theſe, which I could recite, and

the

the multitude of ſuch men who follow the ſame practice, juſtifies what I have ſaid in Man-midwifery Analyſed, a book I never will be aſhamed to own myſelf the author of, till the women are aſhamed of being *viſited*, *touched*, and *delivered* by men. It is not the men-midwives I am cenſuring or blaming; but the wanton fooliſh women who employ them, and the ſtill more ſimple and contemptible men their huſbands, who allow their wives to be ſo defiled and injured. A ſenſible clever fellow, a phyſician and man-midwife of my acquaintance, being aſked what he thought of Midwifery Analyſed? replied, that I was ignorant of the taſk I had undertaken; that he could have furniſhed me with ten times as much matter; and concluded with aſſuring me, that in a country place where he practiſed upwards of twenty years, nineteen women out of twenty ſent for him merely on the ſcore of a little *mirth and jollity*; and I muſt confeſs I think they were judicious in their choice, for the doctor is certainly a handſome man, of good addreſs, and I *take it* he has had as many women under his thumb as the Great Mogul. In this country, the *intereſt* of the clergy and that of midwifery *claſh*. No people underſtand the art of *touching* better

ter than the *catholic clergy*. *Confeſſion* in France has *analyſed man-midwifery*. Now I mention the clergy, I muſt not omit to *carry* you to church, and tell you, that among the great number of good pictures which are in the church of *Notre Dame* in Paris, the moſt excellent one is painted by *Jouvenet*, who at the age of ſixteen, after he had made a great progreſs in the art of painting, loſt the uſe of his right arm by a ſtroke of the palſy; not diſmayed at ſuch a fatal ſtroke, he applied the pencil to his left, and with that hand the picture I now mention is painted! An Engliſhman would have been diſheartened, and perhaps deſpaired of ever acquiring a maſterly uſe of the left hand; but a Frenchman ſeldom deſpairs, nor is he ever diſſatisfied with his perſon or his abilities.

A French gentleman in this town has a very ungain, lumbering, uſeleſs leg and foot, truſſed up behind him by means of the crutch to his wooden leg, and yet he never appears abroad without being *buckled on* to a large ſword and belt. You may eaſily conceive the ſtraight wooden leg, the uſeleſs truſſed up *real leg*, and the ſword all claſhing and croſſing each other on his left ſide, do not form *much* of Hogarth's

garth's *line of beauty*; yet what is ſtill more extraordinary, I have frequently ſeen him, thus yoked, mounted on horſe-back!! To ſum up the character of the French nation in a few words, we may ſay, that no people murmur more, obey better, or forget their misfortunes ſooner. I cannot ſatisfy you relative to all the queſtions you put to me concerning Mr. Wilkes; for, though I cannot gueſs why, Mr. Wilkes has been rather ſhy, rather rude, and rather injudicious in his behaviour towards me. We did once viſit, I think; but to a letter which I ſent my ſervant on purpoſe to Paris with, which contained what I weakly believed he might be glad or ſorry to know, he made no anſwer! not even a *verbal one!* which I ſhould not have taken ill, had not the ſenſible manner in which he felt *ſuch ſlights* himſelf from a ſuperior appeared ſoon after in print, under his own name; for ſurely there is not a much greater difference between the duke of G——n and Mr. Wilkes, that between Mr. Wilkes and

Your humble ſervant.

P. S. To ſatisfy you, however, in ſome degree, Mr. Wilkes has genteel apartments in

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in a good hotel, keeps a handſome equipage, and converſes with the *belle eſprit* of Paris. In the ſummer he has lodgings or a houſe in the country; his daughter lives with him, who is a decent, well-behaved young woman, and who conſtantly attends divine ſervice at the ambaſſador's chapel. I cannot help thinking *Beliſarius*, written by Monſieur *Marmontel*, was made into Engliſh *before* the original was publiſhed here.

LETTER XVI.

St. Germain's.

DEAR SIR,

VOLTAIRE ſays all Europe was involved in a bloody war in queen Anne's reign, which had its firſt riſe from a trifling diſpute about a pair of women's gloves. I am well aſſured here, that the late war was occaſioned by a circumſtance full as trifling. Madame *Pompadour* had a point to carry quite foreign to Great Britain, which ſhe thought a war moſt likely to effect; and I am apt to think, that

that the moſt important ſtate occurrences when ſearched to the bottom, will be found to ariſe from ſome ſuch trifling circumſtance. In this kingdom I am certain, though madame Pompadour is no more, moſt public tranſactions are conducted by female dictators. The *counteſs of Toulouſe*, who died laſt year at a very great age, ſaved the preſent miniſter of France from a total overthrow, within a ſhort time before her death. A young duke, my neighbour, was the other day actually named in private to go ambaſſador to E—; but neglecting afterwards to attend the morning toilet of the ducheſs de G——, by whoſe favour and *tendre* for his perſon, he was named, the *other extreme* took place, and his d—p was laid aſide. This young man, a few years ſince, on his return to France from England and the tour of Europe, was looked upon as a riſing genius, and one who bid fair to make a figure in a public capacity; but diſregarding the wholeſome and friendly truths which a few honeſt men ventured to tell him, he opened his ears to ſycophants and flatterers, became intoxicated with vanity and ſelf-conceit, which now diſplays itſelf in every action of his life, and in none more conſpicuous than as a ſtiff, conceit-

ed, unnatural actor in the private plays which are performed in his father's houſe, during the winter ſeaſon, where I have often experienced the truth of the old proverb, that the younger brother is the fineſt gentleman; ſure I am, he is by a thouſand degrees the beſt actor. Indeed the elder is no actor at all, unleſs he had a part cut out on purpoſe for him, to exhibit a ſelf-conceited coxcomb, affecting to look pretty, and to ſhew he thinks all the women in the boxes are dying for him. A man who always walks or travels with books to pore upon, when he finds himſelf approached by others, and which are pocketed again as ſoon as the ſpectator is paſſed, I may venture to pronounce to be a ſuperlative coxcomb. May France always furniſh us with ſuch *philoſophical ambaſſadors!* I muſt not omit telling you, when the earl of Rochford was named ambaſſador to this court, how much I was beſet by the French, to know *what ſort of a man his excellency is.* Had I then been informed as well as I am now with the great talents his lordſhip poſſeſſes, joined to an agreeable perſon, and captivating addreſs, I hope I ſhould have been too cautious to have mentioned any but the latter. Indeed I only replied, that his lordſhip had

had always been diſtinguiſhed by peculiar marks of honour and confidence by the late and preſent king. One gentleman who was more particularly inquiſitive, has ſince ſaid to me, with ſome degree of warmth (from what cauſe I could not learn) "*by G—d, we are always over-*"*reached by your ambaſſadors.*" And now I am mentioning the ambaſſador, it may not be improper to adviſe you, and every Engliſhman who comes to Paris, as an act of prudence, as well as duty, always to wait upon the ambaſſador, whoever he be; for in leaving your name only at his door, you enrol yourſelf as it were under his protection (a matter of great importance in this arbitrary country;) and by neglecting this your duty, you wilfully ſhut yourſelf out from the leaſt pretenſions to his protection, countenance, or aſſiſtance, whatever befals you. Had the Engliſh officer, who ſo loudly complained of violence to his perſon, and indignity to his character, been properly known to the ambaſſador, nothing like what did could have happened; and, if I am not miſinformed, the public complaint he made in the news-papers was a very unjuſt one, as it obliquely threw ſome reflections on the late and preſent ambaſſador's back-

wardneſs to procure him redreſs; but if, as I ſaid above I am not miſinformed, he was repeatedly aſked, before he left Paris, whether he was quite ſatisfied with what had been ſaid and done upon the occaſion? And if the French, from a willingneſs to apprehend a wicked fugitive from us, and deliver him up to juſtice, ſeized and impriſoned a wrong man, it was to him a very particular and unfortunate circumſtance; but certain it was not an object to create a national quarrel. But what gentleman can reaſonably expect or aſk favours when in difficulties, who omitted to pay his duty, on his firſt arrival, to the repreſentative of his ſovereign, and the ambaſſador of his country? It is impoſſible to ſuppoſe, that if a guard were to come and take me into cuſtody at midnight at Paris, that they would ſhut up their ears and be deaf to a remonſtrance of this nature: "I am a gentleman who have "been guilty of no offence, or tranſgreſ-"ſion to the laws of this or any other "country; my name is ſo, and I have "the honour to be perſonally known to "the duke of Richmond, lord George "Lenox, or the earl of Rochford;" I will venture to ſay, no guard would dare to take a man merely on ſuſpicion to priſon,

ſon, who could make ſuch a kind of declaration. This ſingle circumſtance is ſufficient to enforce what I have ſaid above; but, were it not, I could relate a great number of generous, ſpirited, and humane actions done by lord Rochford upon ſuch occaſions. I have known an Engliſhman, who remained but a few weeks in priſon, for an offence, which by the laws of France would have kept him there twenty-one years. And I have known two foreign ſharpers compelled to deliver up a thouſand pounds, of which they had defrauded at play a young unwary Engliſhman, in conſequence of his lordſhip's ſpirited conduct. It is inconceivable of what importance an ambaſſador endowed with ſpirit and humanity, thoſe two ornaments of human nature, is, in a country ſo much frequented by young unexperienced Engliſhmen of fortune, as the city of Paris and this kingdom is. It is next to an impoſſibility for a young man of faſhion to eſcape ſome of the many ſnares which are continually laid for him here, by all ſorts and degrees of people. The Engliſh in particular are the *game* which are purſued, and conſequently ought to be moſt upon their guard. The man who has had *the run* of London for a winter or two, is

by no means qualified to paſs ſafely thro' the various ſnares of the Pariſians: for notwithſtanding the jingling of bells, the crowded churches, and the variety of religious orders of both ſexes, with which the ſtreets are over-run, Paris, in my conſcience I believe it, is the wickedeſt city in the univerſe. The principal manufacture is *ready-made love*, which is *retailed out* in *ſmall parcels* by wives and daughters with a veritable *bon grace*, and renders it not much inferior in *commerce* to the great ſea port and metropolis of our own kingdom. My pity and concern ariſes for every young Engliſhman I ſee arrive in Paris. The firſt thing he does, is to have a *caroſſe de remiſe*, and a *laquais de place*; his coach is exquiſitely painted without, and *bedowned* and *bevelveted* within. He is treated with great reſpect, and called *milord Anglois*, till he begins to think himſelf in reality ſo. His taylor, his coach, and his ſilver-laced footman, together with the number of *prodigious civil, well-bred friends* he meets with of all nations, quite intoxicate him, and lead him into every kind of folly and expence. He perceives his coachman's hair well dreſſed, and tied in a bag, and knows he has a ſilver-laced puppy (but not a thief and a ſpy) behind him;

him; and is confident that every perſon who looks at him, ſays to himſelf, "*that* "*gentleman keeps a very fine equipage*;" while in truth unknown to him, his carriage is as ſtrongly marked to be a hackney coach, as if it had the number 45 placed upon it on every pannel. As the proprietors who let them out are compelled to environ each wheel of the *caroſſe de remiſe* with one whole ring of iron, inſtead of being in ſix or eight pieces, as on ours, and on all people of faſhion's coaches here; ſo that in fact the ſpectators look with a ſneer, ſaying to themſelves, "There goes "an Engliſh fop, who is the dupe to that "*laquais* behind him, who *touches* at leaſt "five ſhillings in the pound of every one "he lays out." In ſhort, they know that the maſter rides behind and before the coach, and the dupe and fool within, who, unleſs he comes with ſome very conſiderable recommendation to people of *condition*, will return without keeping any better company than Dr. Smollet did, or knowing any more of the manner of living among the people of rank here, than he knows of what is done within the Grand Turk's ſeraglio; and it will be well if his friends in England do not find him return deſtitute of the decent manly behaviour he

took out with him: a fribble in dreſs, and a coxcomb in manners. Do not miſtake me, when I ſay, a woman ſaved the preſent miniſter of France, that I mean to inſinuate, that he is either a bad miniſter, or a bad man; on the contrary the duke de Choiſeuil is a man of extraordinary abilities, of an open and generous diſpoſition; eſteemed by the foreign miniſters, whom he treats with candour and a degree of confidence, very unlike his predeceſſors; but theſe very qualities have raiſed him an army of little enemies, who, if the king ſhould die, would become great ones, and perhaps in that caſe even his head might be in danger. The multiplicity of buſineſs in which he is engaged, and to which it is neceſſary he ſhould ſet his hand, has induced him to ſuffer his name to be ſtamped with an inſtrument made for that purpoſe, and this circumſtance alone may be (as it is contrary to law) atoned for by his blood; though it is rather a proof of his integrity, than of mal-adminiſtration. A very bad man would not lay open to all the world ſo obvious a blot, ſo eaſy to prove, and ſo certain a triumph for his enemies. As I ſhall continue in this country,

country but a ſhort time longer, I ſhall ſtand clear of the imputation of bedaubing either the miniſter of my own country, or that of France; for I am neither guided from expectations of favours from one, or frowns from the other. It is truth, and truth alone, by which I am influenced; and wherever I have departed from it, impute it to my ignorance, or want of better information; not to a vice amongſt the many I am plagued with, which I never poſſeſſed, namely, a turn for *daubing* or flattery. The Scotch Reviewers are pleaſed to ſay, I put myſelf up to ſale in this country, and *bedaubed* the king and royal family for that purpoſe. A heavy charge this; and therefore, though you will take my word, I will impower you to give my enemies other authority. I had not been many weeks in this kingdom, before I received a letter from monſieur l'abbé D——, domeſtic chaplain to p—e L—, biſhop of S——. This gentleman, though an utter ſtranger to me, *lamented, in his letter*, that I had paſſed through Paris without his having an opportunity to ſhew me civilities, *&c.* I anſwered him in the civileſt terms I was able. Indeed he even expreſſed the p—'s deſire to ſerve

me. In a few days after, he made me a viſit at St. Germain's, and eat of my family dinner. After which he took occaſion to tell me, he had tranſlated a letter of mine, which he had by accident met with, and laid it before the miniſter of France; and that he was very ſure I might be well received, and employed in my own profeſſion in that kingdom, if it proved agreeable to me!! Some indignities which had been offered me not long before, by a crew of wicked people, and ſome hardſhips I was obliged to yield to, which my heart informed me I did not merit, at that time were fluctuating in my breaſt. Turned out of my habitation by a m—— *(what a martial court was unable to do)* with a VERY, VERY little pittance, to maintain a *very, very* large family, in the evening of my life, and the cloſe of a faithful ſervice of thirty years, tempted me to liſten, or ſeem to liſten, to his propoſal. In ſhort, he appointed me to meet him at *Verſailles* on the Sunday following, in order to introduce me to the miniſter, and I accordingly went; but I had the grace to refuſe the audience. My vanity was flattered, and that ſatisfied me. The innate love every man feels towards his own country; that warm attachment I

was

was bred up in towards the preſent royal family of England, could not be ſhut out from my imagination, nor from my affection. The ſplendour of the palace of Verſailles, and the noble views from its windows were not able to diveſt me of the natural love I bear my own ſovereign, and my own country. I therefore thanked the abbé for his kind attention; but told him, I had repreſented my grievances to the K. of E——, and there was ſtill a chance of my hard caſe being made known to him. The offer pleaſed me, becauſe it enabled me to refuſe it; and beſides, it made me feel more ſenſibly how dear my own county was to me. I thought, when I left it, I did not love it; but I ſoon found my reſentment was only partial; and that I had miſtook a few two-legged brutes, and time-ſerving ſycophants, for a country which is certainly ſuperior, take it all in all, to any other part of the world.

I am, dear Sir, *&c.*

P. S. If you hear of a little farm, of about forty, fifty, or even threeſcore pounds a year, to be ſold, pray let me know about the price, place, *&c.* for if ſuch a thing comes within the reach of my purſe-

purſe-ſtrings, it ſhall be my *dernier* reſource, to milk my two cows in ſummer, and *bedaub* the *wall* of my houſe with their dung, for winter fuel. It was with this view I came to France, where there are a great number of ſuch farms to be ſold, with every beauty of nature about them; only the worſt is, that when they are bought and paid for, it may prove *convenient* for the king to eraſe the houſe, to make a road through the barn; or that ſome counteſſe, princeſſe, or Pompadour may conſider it a pretty little addition to take within their park-pales; or what is full as likely, ſome old ſuperannuated female *devotee* may petition the king with ſucceſs for a bit of land, *poſſeſſed by an heretic and a ſtranger*, whereon to erect a little chapel, to ſay maſs in after her deceaſe, to pray her ſoul out of purgatory, and to wipe out the ſins of her youthful body.

LET-

LETTER XVII.

St. Germain's.

DEAR SIR,

I Told you, in a former letter, that there is ſcarce to be ſeen even a feature of beauty among the peaſants or common people in this kingdom, which perhaps may be one reaſon why the women in high life are leſs chaſte than the women in ours. The women of faſhion here in general are certainly in poſſeſſion of the only female charms which are to be found; and whatever be the cauſe, it is as certainly true, that the generality of the married ladies have, unlike the Italians, *more than one cicisbeo*; and ſhe who does not *ſee* above *two*, is eſteemed rather *prudent!* I know a gentleman of Paris, whoſe perſon and addreſs is eſteemed ſo captivating, that a lady was deemed unfaſhionable who had not *had him!!* This ſort of commerce among the females is carried on *pour paſſer le temps*, not from real attachment; love is quite out of the queſtion; and

in

in my conſcience I believe, among the women in general, the groſſer paſſion too! Liberty, faſhion, vanity, idleneſs, and the total neglect and indifference of their huſbands, who follow their own amuſements, without laying any reſtraint upon thoſe of their wives, ſeem to be the cauſe of this prevailing vice. If the purſe holds out, all is well; and the purſe perhaps *of both* may benefit by this kind of commerce! It is certain that men of large fortunes can in no city in the world indulge their paſſions in every reſpect more amply than in Paris; and that is the lure which decoys ſuch numbers, and in particular Engliſhmen, to this city of *love* and folly; and occaſion ſuch immenſe ſums to be drained from other countries, and laviſhed away in debauchery of every kind, in a town, I ſpeak it without partiality, infinitely inferior to London. I verily believe Paris to be the theatre of more vice than any city in the world, drunkenneſs excepted. What is very ſingular is, that Paris abounds with a great number of married women, from thirty-five to forty-five years of age, who are as *notorious* for their devotion, as for their incontinence.

continence. I know a certain married c—ſſe, turned of forty, who one while ſpends all her mornings in prayer and confeſſion, and all the afternoon with a young lover! At another time, her old confeſſor has her all to himſelf for a whole month, then he is diſcarded, and the lover gains ground. In ſhort, love and religion ebbs and flows like the irregular tides after an earthquake; and yet I muſt own, that having ſeen her often under her moſt *devout influences*, I rather think her caſt-up eyes diſcovered at each corner a little *bit of white*, that does not belong to the church. She has a ſiſter-in-law of the ſame ſtamp, but a little older, who carries things much farther; for ſhe frequently writes a letter to the virgin! and having abandoned her huſband, lives altogether with her *father confeſſor*. The huſband got the father confeſſor diſqualified to perform his *holy function* as a confeſſor; but ſhe found ſo much comfort from *him*, and *him alone*, that they had prepared to quit the kingdom, had not his *ſacred function* been re-admitted him. There is a fellow keeps a coffee-houſe in Paris, who formerly kept one in the *purlieus of Cavent-*

Covent-Garden; but in Paris, as I am told he has *extended his plan!* and is always prepared to accommode his cuſtomers according to their *particular guſts!* The Engliſh news-papers, which are to be ſeen as his houſe, draw a great many unwary *Britiſh* gentlemen to it, and many handſome young men of the three nations are to be *ſeen there*, who are *ſeldom ſeen* any where elſe! A young nobleman, not long ſince, gave ten thouſand livres for a *young virgin* to her mother! A Frenchman ſoon after, ſtole her away for a few days,—but only for a few days, the *ſtolen goods* were again reſtored, and no *queſtion aſked.* However, the ſtreets of Paris, it muſt be confeſſed, are not ſo openly infeſted with common proſtitutes as thoſe of London; and yet, paradoxical as it may appear, it is nevertheleſs true, that the infinite number of rogues, whores, and murderers, which Paris abounds with, has rendered it the ſafeſt of all great cities to paſs through, even at midnight. The guards are ſo alert, and ſo numerous, that it is next to an impoſſibility for a ſtreet-robber to eſcape with his booty; and if he does, and you can deſcribe his dreſs or perſon, the *police* will find him next day. The interior

interior police of Paris is very aſtoniſhing; nor can I leave this town, and ſpend one night at any houſe at Paris, though no queſtions are aſked me at my entrance, but the lieutenant of the *police* has my name and my abode the next morning in his book, and moſt likely knows the buſineſs on which I went, and at whoſe hotel I had viſited. I was employed by a friend in London to find out an Engliſhman who had made a *haſty* journey to Paris, and whoſe Intereſt it was to lie concealed; I employed a French valet to find him, who, I believe, killed two birds with one ſtone; for at the ſame time he informed me where the man lodged, I ſuſpected he adviſed him to move his quarters; for he decamped the next day. As I have told you how ſecure you may walk the ſtreets of Paris at night, I muſt give you a neceſſary hint to paſs ſafely by day, which is, to obſerve that wherever you ſee a long ſtring hang from the top of a houſe, and two bits of wood or laths at the bottom, nailed together in the form of a croſs, it is to preſerve paſſengers from broken heads by workmen, who throw tiles, rubbiſh, *&c.* from the houſe-top, without any other precaution, as the croſs

croſs *always ſecures* the perſons of *good Catholics!* but is not *quite ſo ſafe* for Proteſtants to truſt to; though I have been aſſured, that now and then an abbé *himſelf* gets a rap of the pate; for they generally go *chapeau bras.* It has been obſerved, that every nation has its peculiar abſurdities; this has certainly many, as you will perceive by *theſe preſents.* The Spaniards keep the keys of their city-gates in a lodge on the outſide of the walls! their eggs are brought to market in ſacks, and their walnuts in baſkets! A Frenchman, when he travels in a warm poſt-chaiſe, has a white bever laced cap, which cover his ears, and buttons under his chin; but when he walks the ſtreets, though the weather be ever ſo cold, or whatever be his age, he wears his hat under his arm. Coming the other day home from Paris with the *marquis de Brancas*, the marquis let down his glaſs to pay his reſpects to ſome gentleman on horſeback on the plains of *Sorbonne*; as there was ſomething very ſingular to me in the appearance of one of the company, I aſked the marquis who that gentleman was? He replied, without the leaſt idea of ſurpriſing me with his anſwer, *C'eſt une dame.* This lady

lady had on a blue frock laced with gold, red ſatin waiſtcoat and breeches, and a feather and cockade in her hat, and rode a ſtraddle, with a pair of Engliſh paper boots. If every woman knew how very diſguſting to every man of ſenſe or delicacy they appear, even in the partial habit of our ſex, they certainly would avoid it with the ſame caution that they would avoid the ravages of the ſmall-pox, or of age. It is not the looking arch, or ſmart, or clever, which captivates men; but rather by concealing their beauties and their talents with a real or an affected modeſty, under a habit in every reſpect truly feminine. If a parcel of female beauties were to make their eſcape through Turkey, they could not perhaps hit upon a more ſecure diſguiſe than boots and breeches, and to ride a-ſtraddle. I know not why it is, but certainly the generality of *true-bred Frenchmen* are very diminutive; the women are not ſo, but rather tall. The ducheſs de Brancas, *dame d' honneur* to *madame* the late *dauphine*, I believe, is the talleſt and largeſt true-born French perſon, male or female, in the kingdom of France. She is indeed what the French call

call *une groſſe dondon.* Nevertheleſs ſhe is, even now, though not young, a fine woman; but I ſhould dread to ſee her *breeched*, and mounted on horſe or on aſs back. Having mentioned the abſurdities of this nation, I cannot conclude without making ſome on our own, namely that of our copying ſo much from them their manners, their dreſs, their cookery, *&c.* when in fact there are very few things which they enjoy worth coveting, except their climate, language, fruit, and wine. In England, amongſt the men and women of faſhion, private gentlemen, citizens, domeſtics, and peaſants, there is to be found a great variety of characters; but in France, one court lady, one nobleman, one *Burgeois*, one domeſtic, and one peaſant, ſhews you a perfect portrait of the whole nation. I told you, in a former letter, that in Flanders no ſuch being was to be ſeen as a modeſt bluſhing country girl; and I may now almoſt venture to ſay, ſuch a being does not live in France. Their education is ſo different from ours, that it is impoſſible. I heard a young beautiful girl of faſhion, about fourteen years of age, aſk her ſtill young and *then* beautiful mother leave to go out to dance one Sunday

Sunday afternoon, where I was viſiting. The fond mother conſented, with a ſeeming delight; and, as I went home, to my great ſurpriſe, I ſaw her daughter dancing in the open ſtreet of a country village, in company with ten or a dozen maids and footmen, in the centre of a circle formed by all the riffraff of the town.

I am dear, *&c.*

P. S. Nothing appears to me more abſurd than our fondneſs for French diſhes; becauſe it is evident the want of coals is the cauſe of their cooks *dealing* ſo much with the ſtew-pan. When I roaſt a large piece of beef, it coſts me near as much for firing as for the meat.

LETTER XVIII.

St. Germain's.

DEAR SIR,

THOUGH I have mentioned with ſurprize the knowledge the *police* of Paris have of every ſtranger, whether his purſuit be pleaſure or buſineſs; where he lives, and what company he keeps; yet theſe things, when ſeached to the bottom, are not ſo very extraordinary. In the firſt place, it cannot be ſuppoſed that they are equally, if at all, informed of what the *Burgoiſe* and fixed inhabitants of the city ſay or do; their buſineſs is to know the intrigues of the bettermoſt people of their own country, and manœuvres of all ſtrangers reſiding within the city and kingdom; for this purpoſe they continually keep ſpies, from five louis-d'ors a week, who ride in their coaches, down to the common *laquais*, at thirty ſols each, and from which no family is exempt. Lord Rochford knows, that two or three of his preſent ſervants are

are ſpies, and paid by the police. All the *laquais de place*, who trade in waiting upon ſtrangers, underſtand a little Engliſh, Dutch, German, *&c.* but pretend not to know one word. Theſe fellows hear your converſation, read your letters, examine your books, and give in once a week (or oftener if matter ariſes) every particular about you to the *police!* The hotel wherever you lodge durſt not let you ſleep one night there without giving in your name to this office. When I go from hence to Paris for one night only, you may find my addreſs the next morning at the *police.* They will inform a ſtranger (who from a particular occaſion wants to know) where he was on a certain day ſix months before!! Moſt of the coffee-houſes have a waiter or two who underſtand Engliſh; I am convinced the head waiter does of the Coffé de Conti; and I have remarked, that when the Engliſh gentlemen aſſemble together up ſtairs at that coffee-houſe, there is always an odd Frenchman, affecting to be aſleep, and totally ignorant of what is ſaid, who is in fact a ſpy. It is neceſſary to have a good lock to your portmanteau, and not to rely upon the keys of deſks, cloſets, *&c.* which you will find

find gaping in abundance at your hotel, to invite your papers, cloathes, &c. into. There is a peculiar or bewitching faculty in Paris or in the Pariſians to draw ſtrangers into extravagances. The ſon of a noble d—— being there not long ſince, was ſo pleaſed with one little *piece* of *ready-made love* he met with, that he left the dealer in it, before he took his leave in the morning, a draft for (ſome ſay) three thouſand pounds ſterling; but it is certain it was not leſs than one thouſand!—but by ſome addreſs of an *elder branch* of the family, the girl received a powerful man's order to deliver up the note; with which ſhe immediately complied, and declared ſhe would have done it without any formal demand, as ſhe knew ſhe had dealt with a man of honour, who would not fail to pay his *gaming* debts: in which ſhe was not miſtaken; for though the note was returned, the money was paid.—This is one inſtance, and I could give you a thouſand, of the great influence of novelty, change of country, and of manners; for in London the ſame women, and conquently the *ſame charms*, would not have produced a tythe of ſuch liberality. But it was Paris, a Paris opera girl, and AN ENGLISHMAN AT PARIS,

who is nobody without he cuts a figure, and this it was which induced an Engliſh gentleman to give a girl a thouſand pounds, whom a Frenchman might have had for a ſoup and bouillée, and a *petit ècu*.

I gave you ſome account, in a former letter, of the unreaſonable profit, I might ſay fraud, practiſed by thoſe men in Paris who *call themſelves* bankers. But mark well how *infinitely polite* they are to you, and how great *a regard* they conceive for you at *firſt ſight* of your bill of credit; and you will ſoon perceive their friendſhip to be *a little* tinctured with ſelf-love. They are quite *otherguess* ſort of men than our London bankers, who pay upon ſight, without even a civil look, and ſometimes without a word; but here they will *viſit you* the next morning after your arrival, recommend you a taylor, a ſervant, an *hotel*, or a w——. But if you want a hundred pound or two, don't omit taking a cart or a wheel-barrow to bring it home; for he will give it to you in groſs or *petits ècus*, and tell you, that a Paris banker who pays in gold is looked upon as one juſt going to break; but the truth is, he knows you will not *take ſo much* money at a time, when it is in ſuch large lumps, and he fingers thereby your money the longer;

and beſides which, five *per cent. not being profit enough*, every time you fetch caſh, and forget your bag to put it into, he furniſhes you with them at two or three-pence a-piece! which coſt him about a liard; ſo that the article of *caſh-bag ſelling* alone at Paris is not much leſs to a man of buſineſs than ſelling bags for wigs. But this is not all; the puppy on whom I had a letter of credit from Mr. H——, hearing I was gone to England, and not knowing I was to return immediately, had the impudence to ſuffer my draught to be proteſted, though it would have been, when paid, conſiderably ſhort of what my letters of credit amounted to; and I am ſurpriſed that a houſe of ſo deſervedly a good name as Mr. H——'s, ſhould continue to recommend ſuch a man; while there live at Paris other Engliſh bankers, and one who has lately been honoured with a great mark of diſtinction from his ſovereign, at the requeſt, I believe, of the earl of Rochfort, for the many ſingular ſervices he did his countrymen during the late war. The perſon I mean is now Sir Thomas Foley. If you conſult your Paris banker what you ſhall do with your travelling coach or poſt-chaiſe; ſend it, he will tell you, to *my coach-maker's*, who will *diſpoſe* of it; but it will

be

be in a barn, behind forty others, where nobody can ſee it, and in the long-run the banker will be *kind* enough to take it for the price of its ſtanding, which *to you*, in a ſhort time, will be charged more than it is worth. Theſe, and ſuch kind of *fineſſes*, a man of diſcernment will find practiſed all the world over; but no where ſo neatly executed as in Paris; it is done with as good a varniſh as your ſnuff-box. And therefore as travelling in France is quite ſafe, I repeat it again; let your Agent get you good bills at the Royal Exchange, or bring your caſh with you. If a man propoſes to ſpend a thouſand pounds at Paris, he might get it inſured at Paris at one *per cent.* and if he draws for it upon his London banker, it will coſt him five; nay more. To evince which, I will ſtate a Paris broker's account for twenty-one pounds, a draught which I ſent him to be paid at ſight in London, and for which he was not to be called upon for, to account till he had notice of its being paid.

21*l.* at 22 livres for each pound,
462 livres.

	liv.	ſol.
Paid Mr. Garvey and Company	387	5
Balance —— — ——	74	15
	462	0

Now as a livre is as near as can be calculated 10 *d.* ½ Engliſh, you will plainly ſee what an advantage my Engliſh banker took of me for GIVING HIM the uſe of 21 *l.* for for ſix weeks; and had I gone to *Rougement**, or any French banker, they would have given me 23 livres for each pound; but not one would have had the effrontery to have offered me leſs than 22 livres 10 ſols. Such tranſactions may be called *banking* at Paris; but at London, I will venture to ſay it would be conſidered downright cheating. Twenty-four livres is always given here for a Guinea; but a guinea is in fact worth twenty-four livres, ten ſols. I am confident, if two young men who underſtood the buſineſs, were to come to Paris, and open a bank upon fair and reaſonable terms, they might, in a very few years, make a large fortune, in taking a moiety of the profits which are now exacted. I am aware you will ſay how differently I ſpeak and think of Frenchmen, and of French manners, to what I did upon my firſt arrival. To which I reply, I have been longer here, and am better informed;

* *Rougement* has a brother a merchant in London, and the Paris brother always paid my draughts at ſight, and often before they were due, in gold.

but

but, even from the firſt, I expreſſed my diſlike highly to the commonality, and I ſtill ſay, that the people of faſhion are well bred, like people of faſhion every where elſe. You aſk me, what progreſs I make in the French tongue? Why I ſpeak it *like mad*, and ſometimes frighten the ladies by uſing *paw! paw! words*; but I am not balked, becauſe they always *laugh*, and make me *repeat* them. In ſhort, I am often in the ſame dilemma that a lady of great fortune and little reading was, who formerly lived at Iſleworth, where, as the phraſe is, my friend you know was the parſon, who, in rowing a boat on the Thames, had ſtruck the oar on his groin, and hurt the *abdominal* muſcle, and not chuſing to rely on the ſkill of the village ſurgeon, he was attended by one from London, a circumſtance which gave great offence to the country practitioner, and of courſe excited much curioſity amongſt all the *middle-aged* church-going dowagers. A parſon attended by a London ſurgeon, the hurt in a *ſuſpicious place*, and the ſhrugs and half words of *doctor Blowbladder*, occaſioned many cloſe queſtions to be put to him, by ſome of the old ladies, and now and then a young one. —At length, he found out the cauſe, and informed the particular lady, mentioned

above that Mr. —— had hurt the ABDOMINAL muſcle! with ſome other particulars. Fraught with this piece of extraordinary intelligence, ſhe viſited the whole town, and as a ſecret of the utmoſt importance, informed them, that the parſon's diſorder was owing to an injury he had received on his *abominable muſcle!* Trifling ſlips of this kind I often make. Now I am ſtory-telling, here are two more for you, one which happened laſt winter, the other I had from a gentleman, who knew the parties in the South of France. Two officers meeting upon the *Pont Neuf* in Paris, one a very little man, the other rather tall and ſtrong, joſtled each other as they paſſed; the little one took fire, and gave the big one a box on the ear, who very deliberately ſaid to him, "Theſe "kind of affronts are uſually waſhed out "with blood, but I extinguiſh this with "water;" ſo taking him by the waiſtband of his breeches and ſhoulder, threw him over the parapet into the river, where he was inſtantly drowned! nor was any notice taken of the ſurvivor. A blow is deemed ſufficient here to juſtify putting the offender to immediate death. Here is no king's-bench, *for cowards to hide themſelves under*, nor any *gentleman*, who dares ſet forth

forth in an *indictment, that he* "*verily be-*
"*lieves such a thing was* said or done to *re-*
"*flect on his courage.*" When a military man in France thinks any *reflection is thrown out* against his honour, he must do as major N—— did, fight or resign; one or the other *as sure as a* GUN. Nay, the very women in France are not without courage to resent personal injury, as you will find by the following relation, which is strictly true: a young lady of Lyons had been seduced under a promise of marriage by her lover, 'till at length she found *it necessary* to call upon him to perform his promises, and save her honour; but finding that neither her affection, nor the condition in which he had involved her, was likely to divert the resolution which he had privately taken, namely, to make a campaign and leave her, she threw herself into a convent, and from thence wrote him an affecting letter, informing him, that she was no stranger to his cruel resolution, and desiring to see him, to take an everlasting farewell. He accordingly went, and she finding all expostulation with him in vain, Then give me your hand, said she, and at the same instant that she seized his right-hand in hers, she drew forth a pistol with her left, and shot him through the

head. She then flew to the abbeſs of the convent, told her what ſhe had done, and for why; deſiring leave immediately to ſet out for Verſailles, to throw herſelf at the king's feet for mercy, where ſhe found it; and now ſhews the child as her own, and makes no ſcruple to tell the fate of its father.

I am, dear Sir, yours, *&c.*

LETTER XIX.

St. Germain's.

DEAR SIR,

YOU aſk me why I leave a country, in which I have been ſo well received, and in which the good things of this life are in greater plenty than in my own? The queſtion is very natural; but it is chiefly for thoſe very reaſons, becauſe it is impoſſible to live among theſe people, without conforming to their cuſtoms. Dreſs and cards, in particular, I abominate, and here every man who is ſeen muſt be dreſſed.

Even

Even Dr. Smollet, you know, *walked chapeau bras, when he was ſick and cold!* Dreſs is expenſive, and the converſation, in general, very trifling. Beſides, I have learned, as moſt people do towards the cloſe of life, that the beſt converſation upon earth is an old friend or two, whom one ſincerely loves, and that excellent and inſtructive companion GOODY NATURE; thoſe are the only REAL enjoyments of life. My reſidence here about a year and a half has given me, however, an opportunity of ſeeing a fine country, and a once mighty kingdom; and I ſhall have the ſatisfaction in reflecting that I have ſeen it, with little expence, and with more advantages than uſually fall to the lot of ſtrangers, and men of ſmall fortune. And beſides that natural love and hankering after one's own country, which is ſo ſtrongly implanted in man, there are many capital objections againſt a *Proteſtant with a family* ſettling in France. If a man be wiſe enough to ſee through the bigotry and abſurdity of the Romiſh religion (and he muſt be very weak if he cannot) he is looked upon with an *evil eye*. The prior of this town, upon my firſt arrival here, was *particularly* civil to me; but upon a little acquaintance with my thoughts on the religion *he profeſſes*, he has been, for a

Frenchman, rather rude. As a popiſh prieſt is ſuppoſed to do much injury among weak Proteſtants, ſo a weak Proteſtant may do much injury even amongſt ſenſible Catholics. The great misfortune of the Catholic religion is, that it renders the multitude ſuperſtitious and idolatrous, and leaves moſt men, who have ſenſe enough to ſee through its errors, rather diſpoſed to conſider the whole Chriſtian ſyſtem founded on no better baſis. There are more Deiſts in France than in all the Proteſtant countries in Europe. It is a falſe charge upon the Engliſh nation, that they are more addicted to ſuicide than any other. It is very frequent here; but here it is *carefully concealed*, in England it is often falſely inſinuated. In England, men deſtroy their conſtitutions chiefly by exceſs of drinking; in France, where wines of moſt ſorts are ſo delicious, the ſame injury is done by eating!! In my opinion, and from all I have ſeen, Frenchmen eat much more than Engliſhmen; ſure I am they drink leſs. When the cloth is taken away, ſo is the wine. The ſeparation of the ladies from the men was never heard of in France; and a Frenchman plays the fop and the fool, with reſpect to gallantry, till he ſinks into the grave.

I dined

I dined the other day at Paris with the chevalier Redmond, a lieutenant-general in the French ſervice. His family were originally of Ireland; but he was born in Portugal. This gentleman ſignalized himſelf at the affair at *St. Cas*, in a double reſpect; in the firſt inſtance, for his bravery; and in the ſecond, for his humanity, in cloathing the naked, and feeding the hungry, who were made priſoners of war. He is what the French call *un garçon*, i. e. a batchelor. His apartments at the *hotel de Straſbourg* are furniſhed with an excellent library, a great collection of fine prints; and his cellars, if I may judge from the ſpecimen I had, abound in the choiceſt of wines; for at his table I drank the beſt I have yet met with in France. I do not think the French in general are very good judges of wine; for they ſeldom drink any without water.

As to the tradeſmen and common people in France, I only alter my opinion by being convinced they are worſe than I at firſt ſuſpected them to be; for the moſt ſubſtantial will impoſe where they can, and the *petit monde* are in general downright cheats! Perhaps their extreme poverty is the occaſion. The poverty of the peaſants takes much away from the beauties the yet delightful

lightful country would otherwiſe afford, could we meet, as we do in moſt parts of England, with tight, little cottages, inhabited by clean, decent-appearing men, women, and children;—but amongſt the peaſants in France, no ſuch poor are to be ſeen, no ſuch houſes are to be found. Dirt, extreme poverty, ignorance, and boldneſs, without any ſenſe of ſhame, univerſally prevails; with this difference, that in point of politeneſs in civil words, they ſurpaſs the peaſants of England, when they are ſpoke to. Surely if birds and beaſts add to the beauty of foreſts and lawns, the manner in which men live together in cities and towns is no ſmall addition; but whoever expects to ſee any thing like a neat country town, ſuch as we continually paſs in travelling through England, will be diſappointed in France. The ſtreets are filthy, and the *acts* that render them *moſt ſo*, are *performed* in open day-light, without *fear* or ſhame! by both ſexes of the common ſort. I believe my houſe was built by an Engliſhman, as I have in the garden *two temples*, and I do not believe any other houſe in the town has one; and yet, ſtrange as it may appear, the cauſe of this neglect and filthineſs has its riſe from the oppoſite extreme. All the people *diſtinguée* uſe *une chaiſe piércé*, be-

cauſe

cauſe they all uſe partial bathing; for which reaſon a Frenchwoman makes no ſcruple to ſay *what ſhe has been doing! Why does an Engliſh woman conceal it?* Since my laſt, I have ſpent a day or two at Paris, in order to ſee ſome of the many things I have hitherto omitted to look at. Upon this occaſion I may ſay I *viewed all Paris*; for I went up to the top of the church of *Nôtre Dame*, and whoever will do the like, may in one minute be convinced how much leſs the city, *&c.* of Paris is than that of London. Indeed they are not to be named together, either for ſize or beauty. I took this occaſion likewiſe to ſee the SORBONNE, in the centre of the choir of which, in a ſmall but elegant chapel, ſtands the tomb of the founder, *Cardinal Richlieu*. *Voltaire* ſays this monument is not ſufficiently noticed; and I begin to think I am a good judge of ſculpture, being convinced, had I never heard it mentioned as an exquiſite performance, it would have ſtruck me with delight, and raiſed my admiration. When I went into the chapel, it being holy week, high maſs was performing, attended by a great body of clergy *(and clergy only)* ſitting in ſtalls round this excellent monument, and I was obliged to wait till that buſineſs was over before

before I could approach the tomb, on which the cardinal is repreſented as lying down upon his bed to die, preſſing his right-hand on his heart, and no tongue could more plainly expreſs a ſenſe of his condition. A fine graceful female figure, with a moſt benign countenance, repreſenting religion, ſupports his drooping body, while afflicted ſcience lies weeping at his feet; two little angels, or *genii*, ſupport his arms and cardinal-hat; and every part of this *little* but exquiſite monument is highly finiſhed. Should part of ſuch a noble and beautiful monument as this, or the baths of Apollo in the garden of Verſailles be diſcovered amongſt the ruins of old Rome, with what eagerneſs would the *virtuoſi* ſearch after the ſcattered fragments! I more than ſuſpect, that the *hand* of antiquity has proved an *excellent aſſiſtant* to the ancient artiſts, and that many a man who goes to Rome to ſtudy, or enjoy the arts, might reſt ſatisfied in ſeeing what England and France alone produce; yet I do not think Weſtminſter-abbey can boaſt of a more elegant deſign, nor ſo well an executed monument in all its parts, as that of cardinal Richlieu in the chapel of the Sorbonne. Though the artiſt's name is of no great conſequence to you or me; yet

it is a juſtice due to genius, wherever it be found, to mention it; this is the work of *Girardon*, a native of *Champagne*. I ſhould have told you, that the cardinal's left-hand was offering to the holy virgin his works of piety; but theſe were unfortunately broke off, and with them a part of the thumb; a circumſtance which happened, I preſume, by ſome of the zealous devotees, in kiſſing the hand with much eagerneſs, the inſide of the palm being much worn by *thoſe religious embraces*, not conſidering that they kiſs the repreſentative of the hand of a man more like a devil than a ſaint; for he cauſed the rector of *Loudoun* to be tried for uſing the magic art, by commiſſioners appointed by himſelf, who condemned him to be burnt alive, and the ſentence was cruelly executed upon him in the *Place Grave*, upon the pretence of his being a conjurer; though in FACT only for being the ſuſpected author of a lampoon, in which was ſet forth the low birth and character of this cardinal.—Sir Robert Walpole would have entertained his friends with ſuch a piece of wit, and ſilenced the poet, had he been a good one, with a better *place* than the *Place Grave*. But what renders ſuch an act of Richlieu's more extraordinary is, he had, before he roſe to

ſuch

ſuch power, ſeen *Leonora Galligai*, the wife of *Marechal d'Ancre* (who was the ſole author of his future grandeur) burn at the ſame place, being convicted of the ſame nonſenſical vices. She had been the favourite of the mother of Lewis the 13th, and was accuſed of bewitching the queen into a partiality for her; and when the chief judge aſked her by what ſecret charms ſhe influenced the queen? She boldly replied, "By none other than that which "the minds of GREAT people influence "little ones." Her huſband had been baſely murdered a little before! Their real offence was no other than being *favourites* and ſtrangers, the violent diſlike to whom, in the French, at this day, tho' concealed in a great meaſure by good breeding, is very diſcernable, and therefore it will be needleſs to ſay why the Engliſh, above all other nations, are moſt *offenſive* to them. A French general officer of great rank, on the day of the battle of *Fontenoy*, would not obey the orders of marſhal *Saxe*, though repeatedly ſent him by ſeveral aid-de-camps; nay, they even adviſed and urged the king to retire, and aſſured him the day was loſt; 'till the marſhal, in the preſence of thoſe very officers, in a peremptory manner told the king, he was

was impoſed upon by fools and rogues, and that he would anſwer with his head for his perſonal ſafety, and the ſucceſs of the day; but that ſucceſs was owing to the king's being preſent; for the French never did, nor never will, obey a foreigner, be the event ever ſo fatal, but for ſuch a ſtake. Marſhal *Saxe* might have tried the general for diſobedience of orders, and perhaps have puniſhed him; but he was too wiſe and too prudent to take notice of a neglect which did not occaſion the loſs of a battle. A *great general*, whom I could name, endeavoured to hide HIS OWN neglect, by baſely charging it upon another, as *legerdemain* men do, while they put a pidgeon under their cap with their right-hand, call off the eyes of the ſpectators, by bidding them look at their left; and were it not for the profound reſpect *I have*, and *ever ſhall have*, for courts-martial, eſpecially when conducted by *ingenious judge advocates*, I would almoſt venture to ſay, that even L. G. S—— did juſt what a ſenſible, cautious man ought to have done with ſuch contradictory orders as he received; orders which he received from a man with whom he was upon no friendly terms; orders from a man who perhaps hated a general of his penetration ſo near his

his perſon, ſo equal in power, and ſo *capable to perceive* in *what manner* the immenſe ſums tranſported to the continent were expended. Perhaps the German g—— would have been better pleaſed to have had a man with *a heart without a head*, than one with a head and a heart too. Lord G—— was never ſuſpected to be deficient in the latter; and the next generation, I am perſuaded, will allow him to have poſſeſſed both. I do not know how you ſtand affected to the memory of Sir Robert Walpole; he is accuſed of having introduced a hundred bad things into England; but I ſhall ever revere his memory, becauſe I will be bold to ſay he introduced ONE GOOD THING, which ought to cancel all the bad ones, and throw his vices (if he had any) into the back ground of his portrait; for he introduced the Proteſtant ſucceſſion; a bleſſing which Proteſtants know beſt how to value, who have ſeen moſt of Roman Catholic countries; and therefore I will ſend you a fable, wrote, in compliment to that great man, by the ingenious Mr. Hedges. Lord B——, who hunted him from public ſervice, has not left ſo many teſtimonies of his patriotiſm as Sir Robert Walpole; and few men in high ſtation ever died more regretted by thoſe who knew

knew (and they were very numerous) his character in private life. I ſay Sir Robert Walpole, becauſe that was the name he ſhone moſt in; that of earl of Orford was a title he was forced to accept.

I am, dear Sir, yours, &c.

The OAK *and the* DUNGHILL. *A* FABLE.

On a fair mead a Dunghill lay,
That rotting ſmoak'd and ſtunk away,
To an exceſſive bigneſs grown,
By night-mens labours on him thrown,
Ten thouſand nettles from him ſprung,
Whoever came but near, was ſtung.
Nor ever failed he to produce
The baneful hemlock's deadly juice;
Such as of old at Athens grew,
When patriots thought it Phocion's due;
And for the man its poiſon preſt,
Whoſe merit ſhone above the reſt.

Not far from hence ſtrong-rooted ſtood
A ſturdy Oak, itſelf a wood!
With friendly height o'ertopt the grove,
And look'd the fav'rite tree of Jove.
Beneath his hoſpitable ſhade,
The ſhepherds, all at leiſure, play'd;

They

They fear'd no ſtorms of hail or rain,
His boughs protected all the plain;
Gave verdure to the graſs around,
And beautify'd the neighb'ring ground.
The gracious landlord joy'd to ſee
The proſp'rous vigour of his tree,
And often ſought, when in diſtreſs,
This Oak's oracular redreſs,
Sprung from the old Dodonian grove,
Which told to men the will of Jove.
His boughs he oft with chaplets crown'd,
With azure ribbands bound them round,
And there, in golden letters, wrought,
Ill to the man who evil thought.

With envious rage the Dunghill view'd
Merit, with honour, thus purſu'd;
Th' injuſtice of the times he moan'd;
With inward jealouſy he groan'd.
A voice at length pierc'd thro' the ſmoak,
And thus the *patriot* Dunghill ſpoke:
If a proud look forerun a fall,
And inſolence for vengeance call,
Doſt thou not fear, inſulting Oak!
The juſt, th' impending hatchet's ſtroke?
When all the farmers of the town
Shall come with joy to pull thee down,
And wear thy leaves all blithe and gay,
Some happy *Reſtoration-day.*

For

For 'tis reſerv'd to thoſe good times
To puniſh all thy matchleſs crimes.
Beyond the Alps, my mind now ſees
The man ſhall fell ſuch traitor trees.
To heav'n, 'tis true, thy branches grow;
But thy roots ſtretch to hell below.
Oh! that my utt'rance could keep pace
In curſing thee and all thy race!
Thou plunderer! grown rich by crimes!
Thou Wolſey of theſe modern times!
Thou curſt Sejanus of the plain!
Thou ſlave of a Tiberian reign!
Empſon and Dudley!—ſtar and garter!
A Knez!—a Menzicoff!—a Tartar!—

Th' aſtoniſh'd farmers all around
Stood gaping at th' impetuous ſound.
The Dunghill in high triumph lay,
And ſwore the Oak had nought to ſay.
His work was done.—The farmers all
Might gather round, and ſee him fall.
Not ſo th'event.—The Oak was ſeen
To flouriſh more, in freſher green.
By ſcandal unprovok'd he ſtood,
And anſwered thus the heap of mud:

When folly, noiſe, and ſlander rage,
And calumny reforms the age;
They in the wiſe no paſſions raiſe,
Their clamours turn to real praiſe.

Yet ſure hard-fated is the tree,
Reduc'd to ſpatter dirt with thee.
Soon ſhould a branch from off my ſide
Chaſtiſe thine inſolence and pride,
Did not the wiſe obtain their ends,
As well from enemies as friends.
Thus ſome increaſe thy heap receives
Ev'n from the falling of my leaves;
Which, like falſe friends, when dropt from me,
Aſſimilate and turn to thee.
But be they thine.—New ſeaſons ſpread
New honours o'er my riſing head.

LETTER XX.

St. Germain's.

DEAR SIR,

THE Scotch Reviewers obſerve, that though I have complimented the king and nobility with ſome ſiniſter views, that I have nevertheleſs given a much worſe character of the common race of the French people, than they remember ever to have been given by any other writer; but has not their *arch critic* drawn a more filthy character of the faſhionable part of the Engliſh nation, than either of

us have given of the French: "for (ſays "Smollet) I know no cuſtom more beaſtly "than that of uſing water-glaſſes, in which "polite company ſpirt, and ſquirt, and "ſpew the filthy ſcouring of their gums "under the eyes of each other! I knew, "(ſays he) a lover cured of his paſſion, by "ſeeing this naſty caſcade diſcharged from "the mouth of his miſtreſs; and he doubts "not but he ſhall live to ſee the day, when "the hoſpitable cuſtom of the ancient "Egyptians will be revived; then a con-"venience will be placed behind every "chair in company, with proper proviſion "of waſte-paper, that individuals may "make themſelves eaſy without parting "company; and inſiſts upon it that this "practice would not be more indelicate "than that which is now in uſe."

How happy an opening was this, to have a *lick* at the indelicate practice of the *Engliſh* ladies in particular, and the nation in general, without *touching* his *ane* fair countrywomen in North Britain; for it is well known, that this *delicate indelicacy* has not yet crept into common uſe at Edinburgh, and that the other convenience the doctor expects to ſee put behind every Engliſh lady's chair, is (as I hinted in a former letter) confined to a place behind the kitchen doors

in

in Scotland. I would congratulate the doctor upon many other *happy* and *elegant* expreſſions with which his two volumes of letters are *ſcottified*, and in which ſo many odious reflections are caſt upon the *Engliſh nation*, and even upon the Engliſh ladies; for it was not a *Britiſh*, but an *Engliſh* lady, who cured her lover's paſſion by uſing a water-glaſs; and it is the *Engliſh ladies* whom the doctor expects to ſee ſit at meals with a *convenience* behind their chair; for in Scotland theſe oblations are left upon the ſtair caſes, and, as I ſaid before, behind the kitchen door. Certainly a Scotch writer ſhould ſpeak with ſome degree of modeſty, when he ſpeaks of the dirty cuſtoms of other countries; for, from all I have heard, and all I have read, and all I have ſeen, it does not appear to me that Scotland is the land of delicacy; though I once had a Scotch footman, who floured the wriſtbands of his ſhirt with the dredging-box for a month or five weeks, and by this act of cleanlineſs and frugality, ſaved the expence of waſhing.

I am, dear Sir, *&c.*

LET-

LETTER XXI.

St. Germain's.

DEAR SIR,

WE have now in this town a fine body of men, conſiſting of four troops of life-guards, who are to be reviewed by the king on the firſt of July. I am aſſured that every private man is a gentleman, and indeed moſt of them appear to be ſo. They are very richly clothed in blue and ſilver, and are commanded by the prince *de Tingry*, ſon to the late marſhal *Montmorency*, and great grandſon to the late marſhal *Luxembourg*. This corps was originally compoſed of Scotchmen; they have now but one of that nation in each troop; but, in order to perpetuate their origin, when the roll is called, they are obliged to anſwer HERE I AM. Many of the private men have good landed property, and ſome the *croſs de St. Lewis*. The ſtandards of one of the troops being new, were conducted yeſterday by the whole corps to the pariſh church, where, with much military order, and *religious ceremony*, the *curé* of the pariſh ſprinkled them with holy water, bleſſed

them at the high altar, and received the kiſs of peace from each ſtandard-bearer. Marſhal *Luxembourg*, you know, was often at hard blows with William the third; and the French remember, and repeat with pleaſure, a witty ſaying of the marſhal's; William, it ſeems, was charged with having ſaid the marſhal was hump-backed; the marſhal inſiſted upon it, that it was a circumſtance he could not poſſibly know; "for (ſaid he) though I have *often ſeen* William's *back*, he has not yet *ſeen mine*." The corps I am now ſpeaking of were never known to *ſhew their backs*. They have been often beat, but never ran away. Every inhabitant of this town has either an officer or a private gentleman quartered upon him; they even fixed upon my beſt room, and marked me down to accommodote one alſo; but, as a ſtranger and an Engliſhman, I remonſtrated ſtrongly againſt it, and wrote the quarter-maſter a letter, and told him poſitively I would not ſubmit to it, and by this means I eſcaped. But it was the compulſion only to which I had any objection; and the certainty that they could neither compel me to ſubmit, nor puniſh me for refuſing. After getting the better of the jack in office, who entered my houſe with inſolence and authority

authority upon this occaſion, I would readily have accommodated one of theſe gentlemen in the beſt manner I could; for they are very well bred, very well diſciplined, and decent-behaved men.

I afterwards ſaw them reviewed by the king near *Marli*, in the preſence of all the royal family, foreign miniſters, princes of the blood, &c. and one would have thought, by the amazing number of ſpectators, the whole kingdom were preſent. This review is but once in four years, and is of all the *ſhews* I ever ſaw by much the fineſt; but I was a little diſconcerted by the prelude to it, which was ſeeing a long range of ſcaffolding affixed to the trees on the ſide of a wood crowded with a great number of both ſexes, and all ages, break down for forty yards together. Though I hope, and believe, the ſame number of Britiſh troops would at any time defeat ſuch a body as I there ſaw; yet I muſt own that the ſprightlineſs of the French officers, the gaiety of their dreſs, their horſes tails and manes decorated with ribbands, and that excellent diſcipline and order which is here ſo well attended to, rendered it, in point of ſhew, much ſuperior to any thing of the kind I have ever ſeen elſewhere. Though I have

mentioned the body-guards only, yet the king at that time reviewed a great many of his other troops. Do you know that a French officer at quarters dares not wear ſilk ſtockings, upon pain of impriſonment? Indeed, conſidering their ſmall pay, it ſeems rather an unneceſſary injunction. The very young officers in the French ſervice are in general the moſt diſagreeable gentlemen in the kingdom; the middle-aged and old officers are the moſt agreeable. The minute the play is over, you will ſee a dozen or two of the former dancing, ſinging, and cutting capers upon the ſtage; which is not the worſt part of their conduct; for there is very little good breeding to be met with in thoſe places during the performance.

I am, dear Sir, yours, *&c.*

LETTER XXII.

St. Germain's.

DEAR SIR,

NOtwithſtanding the evil eye with which Proteſtants are looked upon in general by the French nation: yet the king and his miniſters are too wiſe to reject the ſervices of Proteſtants of merit, and as ſuch cannot be diſtinguiſhed with the *croix* of St. Lewis, or any of the ancient orders, *Lewis* XV. in the year 1759, inſtituted an order called *Ordre du Merite Militaire* (of which there are three degrees) in favour of Proteſtants and ſtrangers, namely *Deux Grands Croix, Quatre Commandeurs, et les Chevaliers. Monſieur le Prince de Naſſau Soarbrack* and *Count Wallander* are of the firſt; and our old acquaintance *Baron Dieſkau* is of the ſecond. It is a golden croſs, worn with a blue ribband in a button-hole; on one ſide of which is *Une épée en pal*, with this legend, *pro virtute bellica*; and, on the reverſe, a crown of laurels, with *Ludovicus* XV. *inſtituit* 1759. Cameron, whoſe father was hanged in 1745, is honoured with the

laſt of theſe three pieces of merit. This order is, however, more *diſtingué* than that of *St. Lewis*, becauſe there are but few, whereas the former is as common as acorns in an oak foreſt.

There is in Paris alſo an Engliſh, Iriſh, and Scotch ſeminary *of merit*, for the education of young gentlemen of our three kingdoms. Dr. Howard, a near relation to the duke of Norfolk, is the *ſuperieur* of the Engliſh, and one Gordon of the Scotch. The Engliſh ſeminary is in *Rue de Poſtes*, and is a very good houſe, pleaſantly ſituated, with a handſome garden, and a valuable library, where there are ſeveral young Engliſhmen, well clothed, and found in every neceſſary of life for fourteen or fifteen years; nor are they under any obligation either to go into orders, or abide by the religion in which they are bred. This ſeminary, as well as thoſe of Engliſh women in *Paris*, *Pontoiſe* and *Rouen*, have no ſupport or aſſiſtance from the French; all their *douceurs* come from your ſide the water, which I believe are many and great. It is pleaſant to obſerve to what a degree of affected contempt our ſuperiority over the French has made them place us in their grand Royal Almanack for this preſent year.

Here

Here follows the order in which the Engliſh ſtand in their catalogue of the princes and ſtates of Europe: Firſt, the royal family of France. Secondly, of Spain. Thirdly, Emanuel, *grand maitre* of Malta. Fourthly, Emanuel of Savoy. Fifthly, Joſeph II. emperor of Germany. Then follows the kings of Poland, and Pruſſia, and finally the KING OF ENGLAND. I ſhould not have ſaid finally, becauſe England does take place of the SWEDES and Turks. So in the ſame *humble* manner ſtands the name of lord Rochford among the *miniſtres des cours etrangers*, whoſe name is juſt *ſlipped* in after the pope's nuncio.

In ſhort, as I told you in a former letter, the French people of faſhion are very agreeable and well bred; ſo much ſo, that it requires time and attention to find out how much in reality they diſlike the Engliſh; but even this is flattery; for it is our national merit that has brought us into ſuch diſgrace.

I am, dear Sir, *&c.*

LETTER XXIII.

St. Germain's.

DEAR SIR,

THOUGH the life of madame Pompadour was wrote ſince her death by a gentleman now living in Paris, it contains nevertheleſs many truths, as well as miſtakes. Every man of diſcernment may ſee the impoſture in many inſtances; but in none more than in the nun's letter from Lyons. The character of the K. is too highly painted; that of marſhal *Saxe* too low. The portrait of the late marſhal Noailles is the moſt juſtly drawn. He was indeed an able counſellor, and it was upon his ſingle recommendation that the K. intruſted marſhal Saxe with the command of his army. The king feared him on account of his religion. Marſhal Noailles, who for many years was a notorious bigot, nevertheleſs turned the king's objections into ſtrong and powerful arguments in favour of the Proteſtant commander. Noailles judged well; the king had no where

where ſo able a general, and he has now loſt his two beſt friends, by the death of thoſe two great men. It is a hard matter to come at the real character of princes, as moſt writers are either actuated by hope, fear or favour. The frequent opportunities I had laſt winter at the hunt, which I conſtantly attended, of ſeeing, hearing, and obſerving Lewis XV. added to the information I have had from men of ſenſe and candour, perhaps may intitle me to give the following character of the preſent K. of France, without deviating much on either ſide from the truth. Lewis XV. then is fifty-ſeven years of age, has large, full, prominent, black, piercing eyes, and a Roman noſe. Upon the whole, his countenance betrays a handſome goodlineſs, and is certainly the remains of a manly beautifulneſs. His perſon is of a middle ſtature, rather too bulky for a young man, but what gives grace to one of his years: he walks well, rides better; though he begins to bend a little over the ſhoulders. When he is thoughtful, and not diſpoſed to ſpeak, he is apt to open his mouth, fix his eyes upon ſome one object, and let his chin drop; and to ſuch who only ſee him at thoſe times, his looks are rather unfa-

vourable. He is extremely affable and well bred, many inſtances of which I perceived at the hunt, even to myſelf, though without ſpeaking. I mention this as ſingular, becauſe neither he nor his ſubjects are much prejudiced in favour of Engliſhmen. He is extremely fond of women; nor has any man been more indulged that way. He is alſo fonder of wine than is the preſent faſhion of France. He finds the ſaddle the ſeat of health, and ſpends more of the day on it than off. He is particularly addicted to aſking trifling queſtions, ſuch as, How old are you? Or to ſay, You are ſeventy; you can't live long; and the like. In ſhort, Lewis XV. is neither that wit his flatterers repreſent him, nor has he that weakneſs which his own countenance ſometimes beſpeak.' I ſhall conclude with an anecdote of H. M. C. M. however trifling it may appear, that may rather confirm what I have ſaid, and it is a fact I can affirm.

One day at the hunt, ſeeing an old fellow, a kind of lieutenant of the dogs, whom the k— had remembered in his ſervice even when he was a boy, the old whipper-in, one quite unaccuſtomed to even the polite language of the *petit monde* of France, He aſked

aſked him, "How old are you, Anthony?" "How old, replied Anthony, I neither "know nor care. I can eat, drink, hunt, "whore as well as you, and am in good "health." The next time the k— met him, "Anthony, ſaid he, you would not "tell me your age t'other day; but now "I know it. You was born in Languedoc "on the 10th of September, in the year "1693, and conſequently you are ſeventy-"ſix years of age." "It is very true, "replied Anthony; but your knowing "this circumſtance is a proof to me that "you muſt have had very little to do, to "think it worth while to ſend to the *curé* "of Mudon, to ſearch the regiſter of my "birth."—This produced a general laugh, and ended in the king's telling Anthony, he would ſoon go *to the dogs*.

I am, dear Sir, &c.

LET-

LETTER XXIV.

St. Germain's.

DEAR SIR,

IT is hard that an able officer ſhould ſuffer in his character for the blunders and incapacity of miniſters. *Monſieur de Conflans* was blamed for his miſcarriage and defeat by admiral Hawke; but if he proteſted againſt the orders he received, and declared that the intended invaſion was impracticable, was he to be blamed! This he did repeatedly do; yet he was ordered to ſail! and no ſooner was he gone to ſea, than orders (too late) were diſpatched to forbid him. *Monſieur de Clue* paſſed by admiral Boſcawen's fleet while they lay at Gibraltar, and while they were unrigged. Had he been a ſeaman, perhaps he might have attempted to have taken ſome advantage of that circumſtance; but inſtead thereof, he ſlipt out of the Streights mouth, was purſued by admiral Boſcawen, and defeated. Monſieur *de Clue* is eſteemed a brave and gallant officer; but he had never ſeen a ſhip of war till after he was veſted with

with that command! and that too, while many able experienced ſea-officers, for want of intereſt, or what is as powerful, money, were ſtarving at home! I know a French captain of a man of war, who offered to go and burn the Engliſh fleet at Spithead. He made this offer to the miniſtry, and aſſured them, that, if he miſcarried, he would name to them ten others, who would attempt it till the buſineſs was done; but the miniſtry gave a *very material and important* reaſon *why they would not accept his offer:* "for, ſaid they, if we "burn the Engliſh fleet, the Engliſh fleet "will burn ours." In truth, nothing can be more contemptible than the marine of France, as it is now conducted. The ſea is not an element for men merely brave, and ignorant of the duty of a ſeaman: nor is this all; a captain or chief d'eſcadre of a French man of war or fleet, does not receive his orders in conſequence of the reſult of a board *of admiralty*, but a council du roi; men who are totally ignorant even of which end of a ſhip goes foremoſt; and very often from a clerk in an office; and theſe men, for private intereſt, half load every ſhip which is ſent to any foreign port with merchandize; by which means they render half the guns uſeleſs, and determine

every knowing ſeaman to decline a ſervice in which they are convinced much is to be loſt, and nothing gained. In ſhort, the kingdom of France is too extenſive; it abounds in well diſciplined troops, and well-conſtructed ſhips of war; but the ſprings of government loſe their elaſticity by being too remote from the firſt mover; they would do ſo, in a great meaſure, were the firſt movements ever ſo well regulated; at preſent it has no regulation at all. Money is raiſed, but it is raiſed without any regard to law or equity. Not long ſince, the comptroller of the finances at Lyons demanded the capitation-money of an advocate there for a whole year, before five months were due. The advocate very properly refuſed to pay more than ſix months. The comptroller commenced a proſecution againſt him for not complying with the k—'s edict. The advocate found a carpenter actually in gaol for refuſing to pay ſix months in advance; he therefore previouſly furniſhing himſelf with proofs of the comptroller's conduct, privately ſet out for Paris, and laid the matter before the parliament. The parliament eſpouſed his cauſe, and were about ſending for the comptroller, in order to try him, and for which they could, and probably would, have

have hanged him, had not the king ſent for the firſt preſident, and forbid them to make any further enquiry into the matter. A country ſo governed, or rather a country without any government at all, can hardly be ſupported long; every individual is *for himſelf*, not for his country. The king has three million ſterling in his private purſe, which makes him eaſy let what will happen; for he eſteems that more than any thing.

He hates the duke de C——; but does not change hands, becauſe he ſays he is convinced all men and miniſters are alike. In ſhort, H. M. C. M. is one of thoſe few kings who has borne that high title near half a century, and conſequently it is not to be wondered at, if he be not tired both of governing, and of *being governed*; and therefore he minds, at this day, little elſe but gratifying his paſſions, which neither loſs of family, *favourites*, or even of part of his dominions, deprive him from purſuing every day.

I am, dear Sir, yours, *&c.*

LET-

LETTER XXV.

St. Germain's.

DEAR SIR,

NOtwithſtanding the diſpoſition of the king of France, or the tyranny of his miniſters, neither the real power of the former, nor the cruel exertion of it by the latter, can put a ſtop to the noble ſtruggles that the leading men of the ſeveral provinces in this kingdom have, and continually are making for that birth-right of all men, LIBERTY. Not terrified by the ſeverity of the puniſhments with which they were threatened, the parliaments, and particularly that of *Bretagne*, have immortalized themſelves by their reſolution, wiſdom, and ſufferings. I ſhall therefore employ this ſheet to inform you of ſome particulars relative to the cruel impriſonment of *Monſieur de la Chalotais, procureur general au parlement de Bretagne*, and his ſon, in the caſtle of St. Malo.

In May, 1765, the parliament of Bretagne were, by a ſhort note ſent them, ſigned by the king, ſuſpended from their functions,

functions, and ordered to remain in the town of Rennes till they were further informed with his pleaſure; and the month following Mr. *Belongelais*, a gentleman of *Bretagne*, was arreſted, and ſent priſoner to the Baſtile in Paris; and at the ſame time two engravers were arreſted, their papers ſeized, and impriſoned in the town of *Vitre*, where they were cloſely examined relative to the publication of certain *libels! libels, I ſay*; for libels are not the *growth* of England *alone*. The next perſon arreſted was *madame la marquiſe de la Roche*, who was alſo conducted to the Baſtile, accompanied by her *femme de chambre*. I ſhould have told you, a little before this appeared at *Rennes*, a print, on which was engraved the names of thoſe officers of parliament who had not ſigned the act of their diſmiſſion. This print was decorated with a great number of initial letters, namely d'J. and de F. at the top of which was a medallion, whereon was cut ſeveral large J. F's. and on it a crown of *J F*'s. Round the medallion was the following motto, *nunc & ab omni ævo*. Theſe *J*'s and *F*'s, no doubt, ſtood for *Judex Fidelis*. But what rendered this rather too ſerious a joke is, that there was engraved on them alſo, that the *marquiſe de la Roche* and *monſieur*

ſieur de la Belengerais were the authors and diſtributers of them.

About the ſame time the *abbé Boiſbilly*, canon of the cathedral of *Quimper*, was arreſted, his *papers ſeized*, and conducted priſoner to Paris. And the ſame night a young man was alſo arreſted, as the ſuſpected writer and author of an anonymous letter ſent by the poſt to *comte de Saint Florentin*.

I muſt not omit acquainting you with the repeated injunctions of the king, and the ſpirit that his ſubjects in a dutiful manner oppoſed to them. In order to give you ſome idea of the manner of publiſhing libels in France, and puniſhing the publiſhers, I will recite a few particulars. Some time in July the *procureur du roi*, who brought an arret of parliament to *Rennes*, received by the poſt, addreſſed to him, ſeveral pieces of paper, whereon many things were wrote in proſe and verſe, of a libellous nature, though perhaps compoſed of true matter, one of which was a parody of a letter of *Monſieur le comte Florentin*'s. Another was an epitaph on the *deceaſed* parliament of *Bretagne*. Some of theſe papers were alſo engraved; on one of which was wrote *Coniac ſeneſchal de Rennes*. On another was wrote, *De votre feu parlement*. In

ſhort,

ſhort, theſe papers, embelliſhed with a great number of devices, that were well underſtood by the inhabitants of *Bretagne*, and ſeverely *reſented* by the *courtiers* at Verſailles, occaſioned a great number of innocent people, and all perhaps well-meaning, to ſuffer impriſonment under many cruel aggravations. Poor *Monſieur de la Chalotais* and his ſon, were confined in ſeparate and wretched apartments in the caſtle of St. Maloes, without being permitted to ſee each other, or partake of the benefit of the air or exerciſe, which had brought the old gentleman's health to a dangerous ſtate. And what renders it ſtill harder, he and his ſon too, both proteſt their innocence, and that they neither directly or indirectly were the authors or publiſhers of the papers in queſtion. You will be intereſted in their behalf, though they are ſtrangers, when I tell you that *Monſieur Chalotais*, in a letter he wrote to the king, ſays, "Your *procureur* "*general*, *Sire*, offers his head, if it can "be proved that he wrote or cauſed to "be wrote, ſent or cauſed to be ſent, "any of thoſe anonymous papers; and "that his ſon has been guilty of no other "crime, than that of loving and honouring

"his

" his aged and afflicted father; that he is " accuſed of being where he never ſet a " foot, and of words which he never ſpoke." In ſhort, France has her * *butes* to ſhoot at, as well as other countries; and every ſoil produces a W—ks, a Ch—ll, and a C—m. Having mentioned the Baſtile, it may be proper to inform you, that the Baſtile is the only priſon in France, which is not many degrees worſe than Newgate; but whoever is ſent to that royal priſon is lodged in good apartments, and has a table provided at the king's expence, ſuitable to the condition of life in which the priſoner uſed to live.

I told you, in a former letter, what a ſprightly child the *comte de Provence*, ſecond ſon to the late dauphin, is; an inſtance of his cleverneſs I will not omit *daubing* him with. He is now about nine years old, and the other day he laid a wager with his elder brother the dauphin, that he would ſpeak to his *papa roi* with his hat on. Accordingly, when he went to pay his duty to the king, whom he approached with his uſual reſpect *chapeau bras*, while his brother ſtood at a conſiderable diſtance to watch the event of the wager. Soon after

* *Bute* ſignifies, in French, a butt, to ſhoot at for a prize.

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the firſt greeting with his grandpapa, "*Papa roi*, ſaid the young prince, I "dreamed laſt night that I was a general, "and at the head of your army, juſt "going to engage;" and then clapping his *hat upon his head*, drew his ſword, and ſhewed the king in what manner he advanced upon the enemy. The dauphin, who was an eye-witneſs to the addreſs of his brother, and the loſs of his wager, could contain no longer; he burſt into laughter; the king perceived him, and inſiſted upon knowing the cauſe; upon which the king declared the *comte* had won the wager, gave him a louis-d'or, and bad the dauphin give him another.

I beg pardon for this tedious epiſtle, and am very ſincerely,

Dear Sir, yours, *&c.*

P. S. The dauphin of France conſtantly brings the king his ſhirt every day!

LET-

LETTER XXVI.

St. Germain's

DEAR SIR,

NOTHING certainly can be a more flagrant inſtance of the impudence of the Twedites than that of charging me with having put myſelf up to ſale in this kingdom! Does it become men of Scotland to tax an Engliſhman with a tendency of becoming a traitor, or an enemy to his country, while every power in Europe is ſo over-run with that *migrating* nation? This reflection ſtruck me very powerfully the other night at Paris, where going into a coffee-houſe much frequented by *Britons*, I found lieutenant colonel G——, a Highlander in our ſervice; captain F——, in the ſame ſervice and nation; captain Cameron, in the French ſervice, and whoſe father was hanged in 1745, and the uncle of captain F——, *late gentleman of the bedchamber* to the Pretender, *jugged* together like a covey of late-diſperſed partridges in a wheat-ſtubble. It put me in mind of the facetious Mr. Foote's account of Dr. *Squin-*

Squintum and his brother James at the Bell at G——r*. Theſe people ought to be informed, that while there are thouſands of their faithleſs countrymen in the ſervice of France, there is not at this day an Engliſhman that I could hear of: and I could confidently affirm, there is not one Engliſh beneficed prieſt in Paris, and but one in the environs of that city; while the army and the church ſwarm with Scotchmen; and while their *gude* friend doctor Gordon, head of the Scotch ſeminary, is daily receiving *new recruits*, and ſending off his *diſciplined men to head-quarters*. I cannot avoid telling you a very ſingular inſtance of the regard one Scotchman has for another at firſt ſight. During the time I had the mortification of commanding Landguard-fort, we were annually reviewed by a general officer of great rank, who, upon theſe occaſions, did me the honour to eat a barrack dinner with me. It happened that one B——e, an enſign of invalids, who had ſerved alſo in the Iriſh brigades in France, upon one of theſe occaſions dined with me likewiſe. His name and tongue betrayed his country to the general, who was no ſooner gone than enſign B—— told me with rapture, that

* See Foote's humerous pamphlet upon that ſubject.

the

the general had promiſed to make both his baſtard ſons, ſerjeants to the regiments in which they then ſerved private! I then aſked B—— how he came to make ſuch a requeſt to an utter ſtranger? He aſſured me he did not; but that the general *took occaſion*, while I was ſtepped out to—— (I did not ſtay a minute) to aſk him in what manner he could ſerve him? You will wonder, perhaps, that B—— ſhould have made ſo modeſt a requeſt; but when I tell you he had been moſt of his days a ſerjeant himſelf, the wonder will ceaſe as to the requeſt, *whatever you may think of the queſtion.* Though the general always honoured me with his company at dinner upon theſe occaſions, he never offered me ſervice, nor any return; and as he dined with me by *his own* invitation, and made his offer of ſervice to B—— while my back was turned, I think you cannot charge me with betraying *private converſation.* B——'s two ſons were, to the hononr of the general, made ſerjeants; and their father, ſeeing his family *happily* provided for, ſoon after walked into the ſea, and took a *ſurfeit of ſalt-water.* It is very ſingular, that within a few years a governor's brother at Land-guard-fort ſhot himſelf; one lieutenant and one enſign drowned themſelves, and another broke

broke his neck down ſtairs; but what is more ſingular than all is, that captain Lynch, of Orwell's militia, was tried there by a court-martial, found *not guilty*, and acquitted *with honour*, and yet his majeſty did not think proper to confirm this EXTRAORDINARY SENTENCE, "*becauſe the charge* "*is very poſitive, and ſtands uncontradicted by* "*the priſoner.*" Lord Orwell, then colonel Vernon, was preſident of the above court-martial; and he is ſtill colonel of that corps, in which Mr. Lynch was *then* a captain. Now I have told you theſe extraordinary things, I will tell you one thing which is not extraordinary, i. e. that ſoon after this court-martial was diſſolved, ſo was the corps of officers likewiſe; for the lieutenant-colonel RESIGNED, the major RESIGNED, all the captains RESIGNED, and moſt of the lieutenants and enſigns RESIGNED; but the colonel did not *reſign!* Lord Orwell, the preſident, is ſtill colonel of the Eaſtern battalion of the Suffolk militia. Though there is no lieutenant-colonel, no major, no captains, nor any lieutenants or enſigns; yet the private men, I will be bold to ſay, make as *fine a figure* (by the care and diligence of adjutant Clark) as any corps *whatſumever*. Now I mention lord Orwell, you remind me with

complying with your requeſt, relative to what paſſed between me, colonel T——, and captain Wynde*, after I had been impriſoned three months in the King's Bench, for libelling lord Orwell, and after I had entered into a recognizance of two thouſand pounds for my good behaviour for SEVEN YEARS. The caſe was this; colonel T——, called upon me at my lodgings in Sackville-ſtreet, and told me he came from lord Orwell, who deſired to know whether I had wrote, or cauſed to be wrote, any reflection upon his character on the walls in the public ſtreets of London? I replied, Lord Orwell had no right to queſtion me, and I would not give him any anſwer. Then ſaid Mr. T——, Lord O. *ſays* he will fight you, and deſires you will meet him in Hyde-park for that purpoſe. I then aſked the colonel, whether he knew the PARTICULAR circumſtances I lay under, and by whoſe proceedings againſt me thoſe PARTICULAR circumſtances were occaſioned? To my great ſurpriſe indeed! he told me he did; *yet urged me to go out to fight* lord O.!! My worthy friend captain Wynde then undertook to ſettle this matter for me, and thinking perhaps *he could anſwer* for my compliance in

* A captain in Hawley's dragoons.

what

what he ſhould propoſe, he made the following offer, *viz.* That it could not be ſuppoſed I would fight his lordſhip at two thouſand pounds odds; and, therefore, if he would indemnify my ſecurities in the ſum of two thouſand pounds, I ſhould fight him the next morning in Hyde-park; and that if his lordſhip would go over to Calais (ſeven leagues) I ſhould fight him *there* without. His *lordſhip* would do neither, and he was in *the right of it*; What! go *beyond ſea*, to fight a duel, with the *gout flying about me!* I might have *caught cold on the paſſage*, or have been laid up *in flannels*, on the other ſide the water. I might have *been killed or drowned* in coming back; and beſides, you know the m —— y could not do without me. But, after all, I am inclined to believe you will think with me, that it was all a *hum-bug*. Lord Orwell could not ſeriouſly have thought of violating the laws of the land, *after* he had bound me to my good behaviour, becauſe I aſſure you, upon *my honour*, he never gave me the *leaſt intimation* of ſuch a method before; and whoever reads captain Abraham Clark's "HOME THRUST AT DUELLING," muſt agree *with him*, that fighting is a *ſerious thing*, becauſe ſometimes, *when the*

loading of the piſtols are not left to the ſeconds, a man's *life* may be *in danger*,

I am, dear Sir, *&c.*

P. S. I ſhould have told you, that lord O. wrote a letter to my worthy friend captain Wynde, urging him very much to ſubſcribe to a paper, to which colonel T——'s name ſtood! and which *his lordſhip* called *a ſtate of the caſe*; but the paper was returned *without* the wiſhed-for ſucceſs. Captain Wynde abſolutely refuſed to ſign *ſuch* a paper.

LETTER XXVII.

St. Germain's

DEAR SIR,

THE parliament of Paris have lately been re-alarmed at the great number of Jeſuits that ſtill reſide in that city, and they have all had very *ſerious* notice to retire. It is impoſſible to conſider the fate of theſe *perſecuting*, perſecuted men, without pity. If forty thouſand men are turned adrift, without

without a home or habitation, allowing each to have a ſincere friend, eighty thouſand perſons are by ſuch an act made wretched: one of that order, however, who reſided in this town, it was with pleaſure I heard of his departure; he had the *ſingular honour* to depart the kingdom by name, and the expreſs order of the king. He was young, learned, and a handſome perſon; the latter had procured him the good-will of a young married female of great rank within our walls; and this lady, aſſiſted by her father, brother, and kindred, had undertaken to ſecure him even *more* than perſonal ſafety. To this end they adviſed him to petition the parliament of Paris to permit him to continue in France; and in his petition he ſet forth, that *he renounced the order of which he had been a member*, denied their doctrine, and abhorred their tenets. But what is more ſingular, this very man was employed as the moſt able pen, but a ſhort time before, to draw up and lay the unhappy ſtate of the Jeſuits before that aſſembly; which, in order to apologize for, he ſays in his petition, that the brethren of his order had taken the advantage of his youth and vanity to perſuade him to take up his pen in defence of a ſet of men ſo dangerous to ſociety. This petition was

a great acquiſition to the parliament, to have an avowed acknowledgment under the hand of an able Jeſuit, that what they had done was the reſult of ſound policy. Notwithſtanding what I have heretofore ſaid, it cannot be denied that convents and monaſteries have and do produce many inſtances of ſhining virtues; there are few which do not contain ſome noble minds. We are in general apt to take a malicious delight in ſetting forth the diſſolute manners and vices which we find therein, without thinking how grievouſly we offend, and juſtly too, thoſe members who are truly good. I defy the moſt eſtabliſhed deiſt to ſee and converſe with the Engliſh poor *Clares* at *Rouen*, and be inſenſible of their merit, and without reſpecting them for their piety, and the hardſhips they endure throughout life. At the ſame time that I feel a ſecret ſatisfaction at the extirpation of the Jeſuits as a body; I cannot help feeling for them as individuals. They are now, I find, juſt baniſhed from Spain, and I wiſh the conſequence of theſe catholic councils do not ſend too many of them into our country. As this order of men are a topic of converſation throughout Europe at preſent, perhaps the following account of their riſe and founder may not prove unenter-

unentertaining to you. His name was *Ignatius Loyola*, a Spaniard, a native of Biſcay, a man of no learning, of a romantic turn, and greatly addicted to enthuſiaſm. He founded this order in the life-time of Luther. Ignorant as he was, he found in thoſe days (as we do in ours) a great many ignorant people to become the followers of any upſtart ſect; and after travelling to Paris, Rome, and over a great part of Europe, he applied for the pope's BULL for the eſtabliſhment of that order, and removed ſome difficulties at firſt ſtarted, by adding to their three canon vows a fourth, namely, *a particular obedience to the pope*; and this it was which not only eſtabliſhed the order of Jeſus, but which, not long after, carried the religion of the church of Rome to the remoteſt parts of the globe; and there are at this day upwards of ninety thouſand men of that order! Notwithſtanding the great army always ſupported in this kingdom, for the defence of the king, there is a much greater number enliſted under the banner of Chriſt. Sixty years ago the clergy of France, regular and ſecular, were upwards of two hundred and fifty thouſand! England, Scotland, and Ireland, has not above twenty thouſand; and in Holland, which contains two millions of inhabitants, there

are not above one thouſand. By this you may perceive how *much more religious* the French people are than the Engliſh, and how much the Engliſh *ſurpaſs* the Dutch in acts of devotion. The number of both ſexes ſhut up in convents in this kingdom amount to upwards of ninety thouſand; ſo that including the clergy and convents in France, three hundred and forty thouſand ſouls *live in celibacy!* Did you ever obſerve that almoſt every country village in England furniſhes an ideot, and every large town many, as if Providence had deſigned it, to put us in mind of what materials we are made: ſo I think every country and ſtate produces one or two great men, to point out the follies and vices of the age they live in. *Monteſquieu* and VOLTAIRE have done it for France. I cannot but reflect, as well as read the works with delight, on the ſituation of the latter, which ſeems perched upon a diſtant mountain, from whence he *ſecurely* overlooks his own country; and from whence, without fear, he dares to tell them truths they ought to hear: for if, as the clergy ſay, he is not a friend to the church, he certainly is a friend to humanity: and yet, though no inquiſitorial court ſits in France, I ſhould be ſorry to ſee Voltaire brought

to

to a trial, for his writings, by the clergy of this kingdom. I am apt to think, if he was, that every perſon, who brought wood for his funeral pile, would have an hundred days indulgence granted. Perhaps you expect me to point out the *great men* on your ſide the water; but that is what I expect to hear from you: for thoſe who were *great men* when I left England, are now dwindled into little ones. Though I have not forgot a very *little man*, who brought me before a very GREAT ONE, and, when I do, may you, and he who made you, forget

Your humble ſervant.

P. S. I beg pardon; I will not ſay any more of the Scotch; but as they always dignify an Engliſhman in Scotland by the epithet of *poke-puddings*, i. e. gluttons, I cannot help wiſhing they had not ſo many fingers in the Engliſh pies as at preſent. The Highlanders have an old tradition, that the time will come, when they ſhall "*meaſure out the cloth of London with a* "*long pole.*" And I now begin to believe THEY ARE ſecond-ſighted.

LETTER XXVIII.

St. Germain's.

DEAR SIR,

THOUGH I am not for tranſplanting into my own county, ALL the cuſtoms and manners of this nation; yet the following is very well worthy of imitation: what I mean is relative to that *important* buſineſs, VISITING. In France, if a French or an Engliſh family take an houſe in any country town, inhabited, as the phraſe is, by *good company*, whatever be their rank or condition, no mortal will *go* to ſee *them*; for if the laſt comers chuſe to be viſited, they muſt find out thoſe inhabitants which ſeem moſt likely, either from their character or rank, to be ſuitable, and viſit them FIRST. Theſe will all return the viſit with great exactneſs; and ſuch of them as prove agreeable, you may continue your acquaintance with, and the others you may drop without giving any offence. So that whenever a French man or woman make you the *firſt* viſit, take it for granted that your viſitor is ignorant of the

the rules of good breeding, or has ſome ſiniſter view, except when ſome ſingular circumſtance may appear to juſtify ſuch an intruſion, and more eſpecially to a ſtranger, becauſe they pique themſelves in ſhewing a *particular ſpecies* of politeneſs to foreigners, which, however, after all, you will find to conſiſt more on what they ſay, than in what they do. While I was abſent laſt ſummer, Mrs. T. was honoured with a *firſt* viſit by a *fine* lady, a native of North Briton, who introduced herſelf by informing Mrs. T. that her name was Roſe, and that ſhe was ſiſter to the late Sir *Hector* M'Clean, and then advanced with the offer of her cheek, according to the cuſtom of the country; but the impropriety of her viſit, her bold aſſuming air, and the *Hector* which preceded her name, induced my wife to decline the ſalutation, and receive her only with the moſt diſtant civility. Madam Roſe, however, ſat down with a *bonne grace*, and proceeded to give an account of her brother Sir *Hector*, who had been honoured with *a ſtar, a ribband, a commiſſion, and an embaſſy* into Scotland in the year 1745; nor did the cool reception ſhe met with, nor any return made to her viſit, prevent her handling the knocker *(unſucceſsfully)* of my door two or three

times

times afterwards. I, however, had the honour of meeting that lady, not long ſince, at a viſit in this town; and the gentleman, at whoſe houſe I ſaw her, has ſince given me the following ſketch of her life, as he had it from her own mouth.

Madam Roſe then is *(as ſhe ſays)* the daughter of Sir Hector M'Clean, born in the palace of St. James's in the reign of queen Anne. When ſhe grew up, ſhe married a gentleman, with whom ſhe *retired* to the continent of America, where, after ſome years, and much travelling, ſhe had the misfortune to loſe her huſband. This *melancholy event* brought her back to North Briton, and there ſhe ſoon after retrieved her American loſs, by giving her hand to a gentleman of ſeven hundred pounds *(or punds, for he was an exciſeman)* a year. This *gentleman*, whoſe name was Clarke, took the *wrong ſide* of the poſt in the fatal year forty-five, and being caught tripping in his allegiance to the king, died a *ſudden death at Tyburn.* But I ſhould have told you, that before this her *ſecond* misfortune of widowhood, ſhe met with another great ſhock: her brother Sir Hector was one of the firſt men ſent over to Scotland by *the Pretender*, with a commiſſion to levy troops, and ſtir up a civil war

war in his favour; but information being given of him and his buſineſs, Sir Hector was apprehended, and conducted from his lodgings in Edinburgh to the Tolbooth, where his ſiſter viſiting him, he got an opportunity to inform her, that his commiſſion and inſtructions from the Pretender were ſewed into the bed at his late apartments: which papers ſhe, under a pretence of taking the lodgings, got an opportunity to poſſeſs herſelf of, and with which ſhe executed the buſineſs of her brother with amazing ſucceſs in many parts of Scotland. After the *Pretender* had eſcaped into France, madam Clarke followed him, and he obtained for her, from the late duke of Orleans, a penſion for life of *two hundred* livres, about eight pounds ſterling. With this fortune ſhe *once more* returned to England, and *once more* repaired her former loſſes, by giving her hand to Mr. Roſe, a tall man, who had formerly been a *private* gentleman in the horſe-guards; but having a deſire *to ſee Rome*, he deſerted his colours, and reſided there many years. At length, believing his perſon might be forgot, he returned to London, married this *rich* widow, and with her retired to St. Germain's; and when the king of France granted four thouſand livres penſion to the

the poor Scotch ſufferers *by fire*, for their ſervices in the year 1745, madam Roſe obtained a farther penſion of ſix hundred livres.

Mr. Roſe was a man full as ſingular and extraordinary as madame his ſpouſe. He was eſteemed here, and gave many proofs of it, as a man poſſeſſed of an infinite ſhare of cunning, bordering even upon ſenſe; ſurpaſſed every body living in the art of lying and defrauding. He had the advantage of a good countenance, and fine perſon; a voluble tongue, and a ready pen; talents which will carry a man farther in France than in England, and with which he maintained his ground in this town 'till the breaking out of the late war, when all the Engliſh, Iriſh, and Scotch were ordered to quit it. Some few, however, who were *not* pretenders to be the Pretender's friends, remained; but as nobody would anſwer for Mr. Roſe, he was obliged to decamp, and leave madame his wife in a ſtate *even worſe* than widowhood. Mr. Roſe then made his way to Hanover, and wrote word he had obtained the king of England's pardon. He afterwards joined the Britiſh army, made himſelf known to H. R. H. the duke, and lord L——, and even got ſome employment in the Britiſh army, by telling

telling them that he had a cord about his neck, and was actually going to be hanged by the French as a spy. After the peace he returned to England, and kept a ſtationer's ſhop, where, *for the benefit of the public*, he ſold paper, pens, ink, pocket-books, *&c.* retail, conſiderably under what he gave for them by wholeſale. This *buſineſs*, however, put him into GOOD CIRCUMSTANCES to become a bankrupt; and having afterwards laid his *deplorable* ſituation before ſome of his m—y friends in power, Mr. Roſe was rewarded with being made a m—y officer belonging to the T——r, at which place I had at that time ſome ſort of connection, and where he was guilty of ſuch frauds and villainies, by embezzling the g——t ſt—s, that, in conſequence of my then ſtation and duty, I repreſented his conduct to a certain b—d, confirmed by many affidavits; the b—d did not condeſcend to anſwer my letters, or take any notice of their faithleſs ſervant's ill conduct. I therefore repreſented his villainies in the ſtrongeſt light to a certain popular N———n, who, for ſome private reaſons, wrote me an anſwer, and in it ſaid, "*I could wiſh you would decline bringing this* "*man to a trial, and I will move him to ano-*" *ther place.*" About this time a certain

l——

l—— being in want of an evidence upon *another occaſion*, Mr. Roſe, fired with reſentment, and aſſured of his own ſafety, finding his own trial evaded, thought he might be *of uſe* on *another perſon*'s; he therefore offered his ſervice, and did the buſineſs EFFECTUALLY. Some years afterwards he was called upon to render another piece of *juſtice* in the *ſame way*: he appeared; but, either from an inward impulſe that his diſſolution was at hand, or downright qualm of conſcience, he broke his promiſe; and, for once in his whole life, truth, and truth only, eſcaped his mouth, and that too even when he was upon oath: two months afterwards he was found dead in his bed. But I ſhould have told you, taking a draught of *Lethe* in his way, he forgot the name of Roſe, and died under that of Mr. J—— G——.

I am, dear Sir, *&c.*

LET-

LETTER XXIX.

St. Germain's.

DEAR SIR,

I AM juſt returned from a week's tour from this town to Poiſſy, Mante, VERNON, Gaillon, and Rouen. A great part of this road is between the mountains and hills, and on the banks of the Seine; except only that ſome mountains are croſſed to ſtraiten the road, and avoid the perpetual bends which the river continually makes, as you muſt eaſily conceive, when I tell you it is near an hundred and fifty miles by water from hence to Rouen, and about ſeventy only by land. It is impoſſible for any country to be more beautiful, more fertile, or produce a greater variety of delightful proſpects, far and near, than this which I am now ſpeaking of; indeed it is infinitely more pleaſing than any I have before ever paſſed. Poiſſy is remarkable for being one of the oldeſt towns in France; has a very fine Gothic cathedral, and a royal convent for women of quality, the beſt endowed

dowed of any in the kingdom. This little town is pleaſantly ſituated on the banks of the river, and the bridge from it over the Seine is near half a mile long. We ſlept the firſt night at VERNON, though I had proteſted, on the road thither, againſt having any thing to do with a town that bore ſo *ſtrange* a name; but its ſituation and my companions prevailed over all prejudices. We enquired, however, for an auberge that had *the admiral's head* or Porto-bello for a ſign; but the people never heard of *ni l'un ni l'autre*. We therefore put up at the *Grand Cerf (a timid animal)* but an excellent auberge, and we were ſo well ſatisfied with our entertainment (the wine in particular) that we lodged at the ſame town on our return. Had I ſeen *Vernon* before I ſaw St. Germain's, I ſhould certainly have prefered it to reſide at; but yet (paradoxical as it may appear) had I never *ſeen Vernon*, I had never ſeen St. Germain's; and therefore I am glad I have ſeen both, though both have not yet *ſeen me*. At *Gaillon*, a trifling village, we ſtopped to ſee a very ancient but noble *chateau*, belonging to the archbiſhop of Rouen. I mention it becauſe it is well worth ſtopping to ſee; for though the biſhop

biſhop generally reſides there, we walked into the houſe and gardens, without ſpeaking, or being ſpoke to! When we came within ſix miles of Rouen, from the top of a mountain which hangs over the village of *St. Ouen*, we had a moſt pleaſing view of that great city, ſituated under a high mountain, with the Seine running in a manner through the town; and from this hill I counted between thirty and forty little iſlands, well planted, and ſome inhabited, ſtanding in the river; the hills, the iſlands, the ſhipping, the large churches, and the number of country-ſeats and little ſummer-houſes on the ſummit and ſides of the adjacent mountains, contributed greatly to heighten the landſcape; the remembrance of which, perhaps, rendered the town itſelf the more diſagreeable; for it is of all the towns I ever ſaw, the worſt built, the dirtieſt, and has the narroweſt ſtreets. Time, or the rapidity of the ſtream, having deſtroyed a ſtone-bridge over the river at Rouen, the piers of which are ſtill ſtanding, the inhabitants have formed a moſt curious and convenient one in its ſtead, built upon large lighters. It is paved in the center for coaches, carts, &c. and on each ſide are broad wooden ſtages, raiſed

raiſed and railed off for foot paſſengers. Theſe barges are framed together with croſs bars at their bows, and their ſtems are confined within framed groves, which permit them to riſe and fall with great regularity and exactneſs, as the water is higher or lower. Here we were moſt hoſpitably entertained by the Engliſh poor *Clares* at their convent; and though you cannot, perhaps, be more averſe than I am to the ſuperſtitious cuſtoms of the church of Rome, yet I will venture to ſay, you could not ſee theſe people, and know the auſterity and piety of their lives, without pitying and highly reſpecting them. The generality of the *religieuſe* are divided between this world and the next, by that conſtant correſpondence they keep with the public at their *jalouſié*; but here I found twenty-ſeven Engliſhwomen, voluntarily ſhut up, and wholly detached from the world, to ſpend their life in prayers and faſting. They wear no linnen, never eat meat, or meat ſoup, though it might be deemed neceſſary for the preſervation of their lives. When upon any particular occaſion (as it happened to me) they are permitted to converſe with one of THE WORLD, their faces are covered with a black

black veil, ſo that you can only ſee the tip of their chin. They riſe at midnight to prayer, ſleep in their coffins, and eat but one meal a day, and then only of one thing, ſuch as eggs, ſalt-fiſh, ſallad, rice, and ſometimes, by way of regale, potatoes!! The weakneſs of their voices, the peckedneſs of their chins, the ſolitary retirement of their habitation, and, above all, that exquiſite cleanlineſs of their apartments (ſo uncommon to be ſeen in France) all conſpired to operate very ſtrongly upon me in their favour, though not in favour of their way of thinking. They have no endowments, but ſubſiſt wholly on charity; and if it ſhould ſo happen that they are neglected, ſo as to be forty-eight hours without any proviſions, they may ring their bell, to inform the inhabitants with their wretched condition; but this, I believe, is what never did or can happen; for, beſides the donations they receive from England, the inhabitants have all a ſtrong partiality for the poor Clares; and they often find five guineas put in their wheel at the door, without knowing from whence it came, beſides proviſions, &c. They have alſo the advantage of taking in young women as penſioners; but if they do not, after two

two or three years reſidence among them, chuſe to take the veil, they will not let them continue any longer.—One of the preſent nuns (a remarkable handſome young woman) left the penſion at the age of ſeventeen, returned to England to her family and friends for four or five years, and then to Rouen, as the only place ſhe could find happineſs in!! The penſioners wear a peculiar dreſs, which, though very plain, and very courſe, is nevertheleſs too becoming for a *religieuſe*. Here we were waited upon by two ſmart clean Lancaſhire maid-ſervants, and met with many ſtriking inſtances how much ſuperior ſimplicity of manners and cleanlineſs is, to foppery, dirt, and outſide ſhew. The houſes in many of the villages on the banks of the river which we paſſed are hewn out of the ſolid rock; and ſome, which were thatched, were quite covered with the ſpontaneous growth of a beautiful large flower I never ſaw before, either in France or in England, but which I believe is a ſpecies of the Iris; ſome of the peaſants call it *fleur de flamme*, or *flamble*; others *roſette*, and *glayeul*; whatever it be, it is a fine flower to adorn the walls of ruins, or old gateways, for which reaſon I ſhall endeavour, either by ſeed, or plant, or both

both, to tranſplant it into England. *Fleur de flamme* is a very proper name for it, as its variegated purple colour gave the cottages on which it grew the appearance, at a little diſtance, of being on fire. What is ſingular is, that I did not paſs a village upon this road, which did not produce upon the houſes, walls, or gateways ſome of theſe flowers, yet without ſeeing any in the larger towns, or about the gentlemen's ſeats we paſſed. The leaves of this flower, like the *Iris*, are part *bifid*, and ſtand erect, the others are *reflexed*. The French have an infinite number of flowers, which we know nothing of. I think our catalogue of flowers does not exceed 6000, they have upward of 11,000. They have a bell in their church at Rouen, which weighs forty thouſand pounds; and though every church in France is furniſhed with a bell or bells, they have no idea of ringing or tuning of them Every thing from the top to the bottom, inſide or outſide, of the *Roman church*, is to me like the jargon of their bells, void of harmony, decency, or order. The prieſts, in ſaying maſs (which conſiſts more of action than words) perform it very ungracefully. Inſtead of kneeling ſlowly and decently, as men adoring their Creator

Creator with reverence, they bend and *bob* like an aukward girl dropping a courtſey. Converſations and even maſon's work is frequently carried on in the church during the ſervice. The number of boxes for collecting of money, upon various pretences, in every corner of their churches; the taudry painting, and wretched ſculpture with which the common run of them abound, gives a rational man more the idea of paganiſm than Chriſtianity. In the great church of Mante I ſaw a ſaint, St. Frances I ſuppoſe, with a large gridiron in her hand; and in ſeveral I have ſeen a ſaint with his head in his hand! but not one with *his head* in *his mouth*. I have almoſt exhauſted my *copy-book* of *elegant ſmooth concluſions*; ſo *no more* at preſent, but my love *to yourſelf* and *couſin Betty*.

I remain yours to command, *&c.*

P. S. That you may form a *tolerable* idea how Engliſh travellers ought to be charged when the hoſte is *tolerably* fair, I ſend you a copy *verbatim* of an auberge bill, and how well I was uſed, *even at Vernon*.

non, on my return, having then only one friend with me beſides two horſes.

	liv.	ſol.
Vin, - - - - - - - -	1	10
Les œufs, - - - - - -	0	6
Les anguelles, - - - - -	2	15
La ſallade, - - - - - -	0	10
Bois, - - - - - - - - -	0	4
Le domeſtique, - - - - -	0	16
Pour les lits, - - - - -	0	16
Pour le cheveau, - - - -	2	10
Davoine, - - - - - - -	0	5
	9	10

So that for about eight and ſixpence I had a large diſh of pitchcock'd eels, a bottle of excellent wine, a good ſallad, my horſes well fed, fire, bedchamber, and every convenience, as good as can be found at any houſe in France.

LETTER XXX.

St. Germain's, June 24, 1767.

DEAR SIR,

I AM now packing up my goods, with a view of returning ſoon to England. This perhaps will be the laſt letter you will receive from this ſide of the water; though I have St. Denis, Fontainbleau, and ſome other places and things to ſee. Indeed, I intended to remain here, to eat the fruit of my garden; but the deſtruction of fruit by the unwholeſome ſeaſon, I find has been general almoſt throughout Europe. In my garden, which abounded with ſuch plenty laſt year, there is little or none. Laſt year I had many buſhels of apricots, this I have but one ſingle fruit of that kind, but very few peaches, and the grapes will be too late for me. During my ſtay here I have frequented the theatres but very little: however, I may venture to ſay, from the teſtimony of good judges that the French comedies are infinitely ſuperior to ours; in tragedy, we as much excel them. A young girl *wheedles* an old lover upon the

the French ſtage better than an Engliſh girl can do it in private. Indeed the French tongue is more adapted to *wheedle* in than ours; and perhaps that is one reaſon why it bids ſo fair to become univerſal; though a great number of the French nation are now learning with eagerneſs the Engliſh language. An old gentleman of this town, who cannot ſpeak one word of Engliſh, has tranſlated into French, and pretty well too, Robinſon's Hiſtory of Scotland.—This gentleman was exceedingly puzzled, and no wonder, to find the ſenſe, and tranſlate the following lines: "The king's walls were "ſo low, that foxes might leap over them, "'till his hands raiſed them."

He ſent the above extract to me for an explanation, which I gave him in the beſt manner I was able; though perhaps not the authors meaning, nor is the above verbatim; I recite it only from memory, not having the book before me. I muſt not omit, while I think of it, informing you of a very extraordinary diſcovery made by an Engliſh prieſt now reſiding in France; his name is Needham: he is a man of conſiderable abilities, and has practiſed the trade of travelling tutor with Engliſhmen of faſhion for many years, and

is now a domeſtic tutor to the young prince d'Aremberg, grandſon to the preſent count de la Marck. This gentleman aſſerts, that he will take rain-water, or any other which abounds with *animalcules*, put it into vials hermetically ſealed, and then either boil them in other water, or roaſt them in hot embers, by which means it cannot be doubted all the *animalcules* muſt be killed; yet he inſiſts upon it, that, from frequent experiments of this kind, in a few days after, without opening the vials, the water will equally abound again with *animalcules*, but of quite different ſpecies! If this be true (and he is eſteemed a man of great veracity) it is a proof that there is a ſelf-creative power in the water, which cannot be extinguiſhed; but this I muſt leave to naturaliſts, and ſay no more about matters out of my depth, and which my betters are unable to fathom. An orthodox prieſt, one would think, would not advance ſuch an extraordinary aſſertion as this but from a love of truth. Indeed the clergy here have been offended with him for divulging a thing ſo extraordinary; for though they *all* believe tranſubſtantiation, they are *all* unwilling any other *myſterious works* of our maker ſhould be found out. And if the fact of the *animalcules*

malcules be not true, it is more than probable Needham advances this as a pious fraud, to reconcile the belief of that great obſtacle to the ſucceſs of a religion he has very much at heart to propagate; and as he is a good moral man, it is uncharitable not to ſuppoſe he does himſelf believe.

I am, dear Sir, *&c.*

LETTER XXXI.

St. Germain's

DEAR SIR,

HER excellency lady Rochford having ſignified to Mrs. Thickneſſe that ſhe intended to honour her with a viſit at St. Germain's, we prevailed upon her ladyſhip to order her own dinner rather late, and to partake of ſuch a kind of mid-day breakfaſt as was in our power to provide. Her ladyſhip has too much good ſenſe to depart from the dignity of her ſtation, or to adhere ſo cloſely to it, as to deprive herſelf now and then of that peculiar plea-

ſure which even kings feel who know the world and human nature, when they can with propriety change the ſcene of grandeur, for one of a more ſimple nature. Actuated from this conſideration, and perhaps a deſire of making little people happy, a *failing* which her excellency is very apt to fall into, her ladyſhip named a day for that purpoſe; and as it was not in our power to give her ladyſhip a good breakfaſt, we contrived to give a whimſical one, which I ſhall endeavour to deſcribe:

In a receſs to the beſt room we had, three tables were firſt covered with cloths, *i. e.* one middle-ſized, and two very ſmall ones, fixed backwards, as wings to the larger. Over theſe tables were turned willow arches, and theſe willows were firſt bound quite over with green box and myrtles. The front of the large table was conveyed up to the top of the room, in the form of a grenadier's cap, and covered in the ſame manner with box, *&c.* In the front of the cap, in ruſtic letters, was G. R. and over it ZULESTIEN. Second Regiment. This being done, and water-glaſſes fixed on both ſides the tables, the ſtems of every kind of fruit and flower were placed in the water, and twined about the arches and room in a moſt fantaſtic manner;

ner; to the beauty of which, the noble pomgranate bloſſom and branches did not a little contribute: theſe, together with the woodbines, roſes, lilies, pinks, and branches of orange-trees in bloſſom, you may conceive converted the room into an arbour, that could not fail of gratifying two of the ſenſes. In ſhort, the various flowers, vines, oranges, grapes, woodbines, cherries, apples, pears, and every kind of green and ripe fruit, were blended together as well as our imagination could diſpoſe them, to give the idea of a rural and delightful bower; in which, if I may repeat the declaration of thoſe who ſaw it, we did not quite fail. I ſay we, becauſe I aſſiſted Mrs. Thickneſſe in the work. In one part of the large arbour was a blackbird's neſt, ſo ſituated amongſt the aromatic ſweets, that it might have enticed the owner of it into the houſe. The little table on one ſide was characteriſed as an ale-houſe at St. Oſyth, in Eſſex, one of his excellency's ſeats; it was the ſign of the Rochford Arms, and kept by WILLIAM AND MARY, *late ſervants* to his lordſhip. There was, however, a bunch of very ſmall but real grapes under the ſign, to ſhew that the world did not go backwards with them; but what particularly ſtruck

the imagination of a young lady about eight years of age, who accompanied her ladyſhip, and who dined alone at *this little ale-houſe*, was, a bird's neſt over the door, with young ones in it. The other wing alluded to Eulton, another ſeat of his lordſhip's. On the middle of the table, in a large cut-glaſs reſervoir, ſtood a tall ORANGE-TREE, with ripe fruit, and bloſſoms thereon; and this tree, which reached near the ceiling, terminated with a ſmall double-hooped garland, and the garland was crowned with a ruſtic earl's coronet, made with moſs, ſhells, *&c.* with the old family motto, "*Tandem fit "ſurculus arbor*," *brodè a tambour* round the hoop. Now perhaps you will expect me to tell you what there was to gratify the other ſenſes. Why there were beans and bacon, and other ſuch like homely fare, of which, however, her ladyſhip eat perhaps with a better appetite than at a better breakfaſt; but what added greatly to our pleaſure was, that her ladyſhip, who intended to ſee the garden and chatteau of *Marli* on her way home, was called upon by his excellency to attend her there, and who was preſent at the ennobling the young lady mentioned above, in ſeeing the garland

land lowered, and the ruſtic coronet placed on her head.

I ſhould not omit telling you, that the *procureur du roi* of this town, my moſt excellent neighbour, and truly good man, hearing the honour I had to expect, almoſt deſtroyed his orange-trees and pomgranates, in order to ſhew his attention to her excellency, and a repetition of his friendſhip and favours to me. I ought to love France, were it only on this good man's account.

I am, dear Sir, *&c.*

LETTER XXXII.

Clermont, Aug. 3, 1767.

DEAR SIR,

I DID not intend to have wrote to you any more, while I remained on this ſide of the *invidious ſtreight* which divides us; but ſome few circumſtances having aroſe to me on the road hither, and ſome others to my memory, which I intended to

have communicated in my former letters I ſhall employ this evening in reciting them. In the firſt place, I muſt tell you, that having the Engliſh coach which I I bought upon my firſt arrival at the duke of Richmond's hotel, I ſold my *landau-and-one*, and likewiſe my mare, to Monſieur *Vandeure*, a gentleman of fortune, who lives near Lyons, and who, unlike the prince of M——, perceived I aſked him a fair price, and he gave it me without the leaſt heſitation. As I had ſtudied the means of paſſing with my large family cheaply and pleaſantly from St. Germain's to Calais, a long journey, conſiſting of thirty-four poſts, and being four perſons in the coach, I could not, by the king's ordinance, have leſs than ſix horſes, I will give you ſome account of my oeconomy and forecaſt. In the firſt place, I put a ſmall table in my coach, whereon I could always lean, and often read and write; and about dinner-time, while the horſes were changing, it ſerved to ſpread a napkin on, and ſome cold proviſions that we eat *avec une très bonne appetite & ſans expence*; and in order to avoid the difficulty of getting change, and counting the poſt-money out each ſtage, while one is beſet on every ſide by the moſt audacious beggars in the world,

I put

I put up, previous to my leaving St. Germain's, thirty-four little packets of money, according to the number of *poſts* and *poſte & demie* I had to travel, adding to each packet what I intended to give to the poſt-boys, and determining to give neither more nor leſs. By the king's ordinance, the poſt-boys are intitled each to five ſols for one poſt, and in proportion to a *poſte & demie* and two *poſts*. French officers ſeldom give them more; but from ſtrangers, and *mi-lords Anglois*, they expect more, and near Paris, are ſeldom content. Six horſes for one poſt is ſeven *livres* ten *ſols*, a *poſte et demie* eleven *livres* five *ſols*, and two poſts fifteen *livres*; I therefore made up my packets into eight *livres* fourteen *ſols* for one poſt, thirteen *livres* one *ſol* for a *poſte et demie*, and fifteen *livres* for two *poſts*, by which you will perceive that the poſt-boys had twelve *ſols* each for one poſt, eighteen *ſols* each for a *poſte et demie*; and had any of the ſtages been two poſts, I ſhould have given ſeventeen *livres* eight *ſols*. However trifling this precaution may appear, I will venture to affirm, when you make this or any other long journey in France, you will repent if you omit doing ſo too. Near Paris, as I told you before, the poſt-boys were diſſatisfied; but near Amiens,

and

and all the remainder of the road to Calais, they were perfectly content; and though I had no ſervant before to prepare the horſes, I travelled with eaſe an hundred miles a day. While the horſes were changed at St. Denis, we took a view of that beautiful cathedral without, and the principal monuments within, with which it is exceedingly crowded. That of Lewis XIV. is covered with a velvet pall, and has a lamp continually burning over it. The fine things which they make a ſhew of there, we had neither leiſure nor inclination to ſee; though there certainly are many real curioſities among them, beſides a piece of the *true croſs!* At *Chantilly* I could not forbear taking a walk in thoſe noble ſtables, where I found upwards of two hundred Engliſh *Honkyms* and a *Yahoo* belonging to *their houſhold*, who importuned me exceedingly to accept of a little hazle whip, the meaning of which was, to extort a ſhilling for it out of my pocket; but I thought it rather ill-bred to offer the brute a bribe in the preſence of his noble maſters. I told the *Yahoo* I had been there before, and was neither a ſtranger to the cuſtoms of the country, nor the manner in which he diſhonoured the prince his maſter by ſuch behaviour; yet it was with difficulty I could

could prevail upon him to withdraw *his preſent*, and retire. We lay that night at *Clermont*; but not at the hotel our poſt-boy urged me to go to. I had been well entertained the ſummer before at the *Croiſſant d'or à l'hotel Louis* XIII. and met with the ſame good entertainment there again. At this little inn I found every thing very clean, my ſupper was well dreſſed, and my bill was too reaſonable. Had I gone to the *great* inn which the boys recommended, they would have ſold me to my hoſt for a *petit écu*. But before I get any farther, I muſt juſt ſtep back to mention a few particulars of the internal *police* of the city of Paris, a city in which juſtice is adminiſtered upon all delinquents with great ſeverity, and without even a chance of favour, by the interceſſion of friends of family, or mercy from the throne. In Paris, there are are diſtinct magiſtrates for every purpoſe: the lieutenant of the police for inſtance, who is the firſt, gives his orders; the INSPECTORS give information; the *exempts* apprehend; the *archers* conduct; the COMMISSARIES commit; the *chatelet* condemns, and the prieſt cannot grant abſolution to the criminal, 'till he has made a full diſcovery of his accomplices. The ſentence and the exe-

execution frequently happen in the ſame day; and this ſpeedy execution of juſtice it is which renders Paris as ſafe to paſs through by night as by day. Mankind in nature perhaps do not differ much from each other, but education and cuſtom renders them very different. There appears to me leſs honeſty, leſs humanity, and leſs generoſity in France than in England; yet I do not think it ariſes from Frenchmen being naturally more cruel or more diſhoneſt than Engliſhmen; but as this is a kind of national charge, I muſt explain myſelf: whoever goes into a coffee-houſe in Paris, whatever be his dreſs or appearance, he will find brought with his coffee no more ſugar than will barely ſweeten it. In London, the commoneſt tradeſman, or an utter ſtranger, has a baſon full ſet before him; and whoever goes into a priſon or hoſpital, will find the latter as bad as the former. At the priſon called *Maiſon-de-force*, they have apartments wherein they confine ideots and mad people; when the cells for madmen are full, which is too frequently the caſe, the ſupernumeraries are chained in the court-yard, without any ſhelter, and if they ſurvive, are expoſed to all the inclemency of the weather in winter and ſummer! Who would

would not wiſh to ſee theſe wretched beings relieved by death, even were it by the hands of the executioner? It is a national diſgrace; it is a diſgrace to humanity. The *Hotel Dieu*, is an hoſpital largely endowed, and which receives, without any queſtions aſked, every object that is preſented. A noble charity, and worthy of the name it bears, were it well regulated. But alas! it is no uncommon thing to ſee four, five, ſix, nay ſometimes eight ſick perſons in one bed, heads and tails, ill of different diſorders, ſome dying, others actually dead. Laſt winter a gentleman informed me that he heard one of the patients there complain bitterly of the cold, and particularly of that which he felt from the dead corpſe which lay next him in the bed! It is very ſingular, but I believe it is a fact, that one fifth of the children born in Paris are ſent to the foundling-hoſpital, and one third of the inhabitants in general, who die in Paris, die in an hoſpital. Pleaſure is the purſuit of thoſe Frenchmen who have the means to poſſeſs it, and ſuch men have not time to conſider the woes of thoſe who have no means at all! I am ſure it muſt aſtoniſh every Frenchman to ſee that noble charity at

Hyde-

Hyde-park-corner, when he reads, or is informed, that it is ſupported by the VOLUNTARY SUBSCRIPTION OF THE NOBILITY AND GENTRY OF ENGLAND. And yet common beggars in France are ſeldom refuſed charity, or ſeldom even chid for their inſufferable free manner of demanding rather than aſking alms! From ſtrangers they will take no denial! But charity is always ſtrongly enforced by *the prieſts* to *their penitents*, and every church is crowded with a tronc for this, a tronc for that, and a tronc for t'other. I think I have counted in ſome large churches troncs for twenty different purpoſes! and no *cobwebb* to be ſeen over the nitch of any of them. In ſome I have ſeen a tronc for *repairing* and *beautifying* our Saviour's ſepulchre! I muſt not omit, now I think of it, informing you that two Engliſh tars, full of caſh, lately made a trip to Paris; and as it is the faſhion for all ſtrangers to hire a *caroſſe-de-remiſe*, the honeſt tars followed it. One evening, however, when they wanted to *ſhift their birth*, their coachman could not be found, and therefore one mounted the box, and drove his comrade off with the coach. The next morning, the real coachman, who had been in chaſe all night, came

up

up with his prize, and took her, and had the *hands* conducted to the *Biſſcetre*. The frolic of the tars became ſerious, they recollected they were in France, and though they meant no ill, they found themſelves quite *a-ground*, on a ſtrange coaſt: at length, one of them recollected that there was in Paris a *baſador* who was ſaid to be fond of ſeamen, and they concluded, if what they had heard was true, he would not let a couple of Engliſh tars rot in gaol for an innocent frolic; and accordingly the beſt penman ſet about writing a letter, in which they told his excellency Lord Rochford, who and what they were, and what they had done, adding *as how* " *they* " *knew the ſoundings of every harbour on* " *the French coaſt!*" The letter fortunately got ſafe and unopened to the ambaſſador's hands; had it come under the inſpection of the lieutenant of the police firſt, and it is ten to one but it had, the poor *jacks*, I fear, would have paid dear for their *knowledge of the French coaſt*; had it been at the eve of a war, perhaps their lives might have attoned for their laſt indiſcretion. I need not tell you they obtained their liberty immediately, becauſe I told you before, they made their condition

dition known to the Earl of Rochford, a nobleman in the trueſt ſenſe of that word, becauſe his lordſhip acts nobly upon all occaſions, and never lets his own high ſtation, nor the important buſineſs of his embaſſy, ſhut out from his remembrance the woes or hardſhips of his fellow-creatures. The reviewers will acquit me of an attempt of *daubing* as they call it, when I aſſure you, that a poor man in Eſſex, who lately became entitled to a copyhold eſtate in Lord Rochford's manor, of about thirty pounds a year, could not prevail upon his lordſhip's ſteward to admit him, becauſe he could not pay the fine; the poor man threatened the ſteward, that if he refuſed him his right becauſe he had no money, he would certainly ſet out for Paris, *and tell my lord of him!* He accordingly did ſo, and begged his way through both kingdoms till he arrived at his *lordſhip's hotel* in Paris. Some of the ſervants knew him, his ſtory and errand was made known, he got an audience, a week's reſt, and good cheer, and was ſent home with a *flea in the ear* for the ſteward, who had orders to admit him gratis.

I am, dear Sir, yours, &c.

LET-

LETTER XXXIII.

Calais, Aug. 10, Hotel d'Angleterre, 1767.

DEAR SIR,

I AM juſt arrived with my family at this town, having been three days from St. Germain's, though I travelled for *this time* as grand as Dr. Smollet, for I was obliged to have ſix horſes to my coach, becauſe we were more than two perſons in it. We paſſed the high road through *Amiens*, *Abbeville*, *Boulogne*, &c. and met with nothing on the road which was remarkable, only that the Bull's Head at Abbeville is a wretched-houſe, ſave only that you are *mi-lord de beaucoup*. The hoſteſs even took away from an aukward ſervant girl (the only *fille-de-chambre* ſhe had) what I had given her, and which my landlady *reminded* me not to forget!! But no hotel in France is equal to that from which I now write. *Monſieur Deſſein* knows the *goût* of both nations, and blends them with propriety; and he has the advantage of a palace as it were, to do it in. During our ſtay one day to reſt ourſelves, his Excel-

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lency the Earl of Rochford arrived here from *Dunkirk* on his way to England. His lordſhip had taken that route, in order to enable himſelf to ſpeak with certainty on this popular ſubject, having, I conjecture, experienced how little is to be depended upon what others ſay! How often do we ſee letters in the news papers, complaining that the treaty is not fulfilled with reſpect to Dunkirk, and yet (excuſe the pun) the harbour of Dunkirk is nearly *fulfilled*; for when I was there laſt it looked more like a ditch than an harbour; and his lordſhip, I may venture to ſay, found it in the condition it ought to be, but then it is ſaid the ſtones are all built up and numbered for *relaying*. It is true, they are built up and numbered for *relaying*, but not for the repairs of the baſon and harbour, but made into lots, and *numbered* to be ſold to *private* perſons, who want ſtones to build with; and they may be had to pave the ſtreets of London, if they are ſent for. Were it not for the ſluices and back water of *Berges*, a town two leagues from Dunkirk, it would be ſo choaked up in a fortnight, as not to admit a ſmuggling cutter. But what will in a ſhort time, I apprehend, be more effectual than all, is, that the inhabitants of Dun-

Dunkirk will be poiſoned by the ſtagnated waters, which almoſt ſurround them, in conſequence of the demolition of their harbour.

The wind is now contrary, but being nevertheleſs in ſo fair a way of ſeeing you, I ſhall conclude thus my laſt letter from France, by joining in the prayer of an impatient traveller, as I find it wrote with a pencil on the wainſcot in my apartment here.

I am, dear Sir, &c.

" Come, *Eurus*, come and fill the ſwelling ſails,
" What long delay retards thy lingering gales?
" Thine aid the impatient traveller implores,
" Who ſeeks with anxious haſte his Albion ſhores.
" Mean time oft fix'd upon the winding ſtrand,
" With filial love he views his native land.
" Inſatiate views it; 'till the cloſing night,
" Involv'd in miſts, obſcures it from his ſight.
" He ſees, fair Dover, pointing to the ſkies,
" Majeſtic in decay, thy towers ariſe,
" Thy clifts that, glittering o'er the extended main,
" Riſe white in air, and crown the wat'ry plain.
" In vain he ſees—ſtern winter's adverſe force,
" And ceaſeleſs ſtorms obſtruct his eager courſe."

P. S. The next day I found wrote by the ſame hand, a tranſlation of the above verſes,

verſes, which I have copied as well as I could, though, I doubt, they are incomplete, or that a line is omitted.

Eure, veni; tua jamdudum exoptata morantur
* * * * * * * * * * * * *
Carbaſa: Te poſcit votis precibuſque precatur
Impatiens, qui longa moræ faſtidia ſentit.
Interea ad curvas deſcendit ſæpius oras,
Proſpicit in patriam, atque avidis exhaurit ocellis,
Nec dulci faciem de litore dimovet unquam.
Illic Dubrenſes ad cœlum aſcendere colles
Aſpicit, excelſamque arcem, grandeſque ruinas,
Et late ingentes ſcopulorum albeſcere tractus.
Nequicquam videt, heu! nec fas attingere viſa:
Obſtat hyems inimica et vis contraria venti.

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A FEW

A FEW AFTER THOUGHTS.

THE king's health is never drank in France, nor is it deemed polite for a ſtranger to drink it. To Frenchmen it is very unuſual, or rather wrong, to drink the health of any perſon, male or female; yet if a ſtranger drinks to a Frenchman at table, he will return the compliment.

Uſing a water-glaſs at table, as it is practiſed with us, would give great offence in France.

If an Engliſh diſh be brought to a table in France, every Frenchman will eat of it, and *admire it exceedingly*, if any Engliſhmen be preſent, but none will eat of it elſe.

It is impoſſible for that to be WRONG which an Engliſhman and a Frenchman agree is RIGHT.

A blow given in France cannot be atoned for but by the life of the aggreſſor. The parties fight every time they meet, till one falls.

He who draws his ſword, or gives a blow in any royal palace or gardens, whether native or ſtranger, is impriſoned twenty-one years!

If

If one gives a blow, the perſon ſo provoked will not be puniſhed, nor perhaps even impriſoned if he puts the offender to IMMEDIATE death.

It is neceſſary always to wear a ſword or *Couteau-de-chaſſe* in France.

Servants have no *vails* in France, nor maſters or viſitors *clean knives and forks.* Yet even ſervants will not drink out of the ſame veſſel at their meals.

The beſt *hotels* in *Paris* are not without buggs! and the generality of the houſes ſwarm with them.

Moſt ſervants are at board wages, and it is no uncommon thing to ſee at the firſt houſes in Paris, the *maître d'hotel*, ſelling in the kitchen what comes from the maſter's table after dinner, to the ſervants for theirs.

Puddings, tarts, potatoes, and many excellent Engliſh diſhes for *maigre days*, are ſcarce known.

It is certainly true, that a Frenchman admires nothing belonging to an Engliſhman but his money.

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F I N I S.